

TRUE STORY OF A VOICE DOUBLE

8th 8

Silver Screen

June

0c



Jane Withers

BOB TAYLOR'S GREATEST THRILLS

Healthful **D**ouble **M**int gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity



Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. *This, then,* is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

Keep young—be doubly lovely the Double Mint way. Remember also Double Mint gum aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, assures a sweet inoffensive breath. Buy several packages today.

Left, exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by **VALENTINA**, original creator of modern classic design—modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen, **GLORIA SWANSON**. Made available to you by Double Mint gum in **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2784. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Well, I'm Elected — I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

**Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage — all can bring about**

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me — there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"

JANE: "See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet —

maybe it's nothing serious!"

ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"

JANE: "Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work — I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"

ANN: "You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do — find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

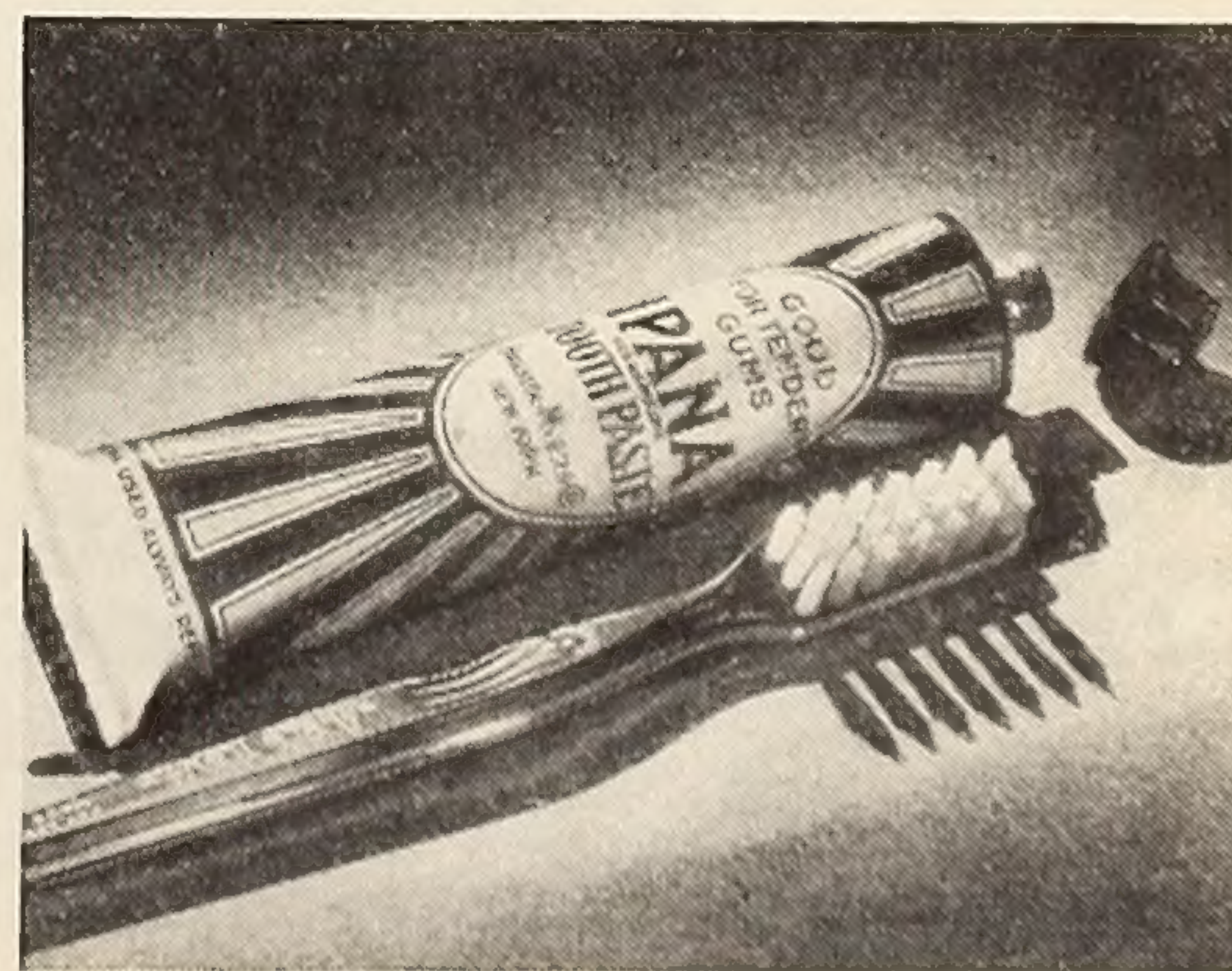
Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums — brighter teeth — a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY — Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



Turn from a million souls!



Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT TAYLOR **MARGARET SULLAVAN**
FRANCHOT TONE **ROBERT YOUNG**

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with **GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore



REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1938

VOLUME EIGHT
NUMBER EIGHT

Silver Screen

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JANE WITHERS BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



Clark Gable

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Are you in the mood for a "fish" story today? What with spring, and the opening of the tuna season, and the mating of the yellowtails off Catalina, Hollywood has become extremely fish-conscious lately.

Clark Gable, mad as hell because he didn't bag a lion on his recent hunting trip in Mexico, decided that rod and reel would be more fun and, with Carole Lombard and the Buster Colliers, rented a boat and went fishing off San Diego the other day.

Clark brought back twenty-six fish—but Carole brought back one of the most revolting fish stories I've ever heard. Carole never suffers from *mal de mer* until she sees someone else suffering, and she was just congratulating herself on being with splendidly organized people when what should plop down on the deck of the small boat but a seagull. "My, my," said Carole, "what a pretty bird. Here gullie, here gullie, want a sandwich?" The seagull seemed a bit indifferent to the Lombard luring but finally waddled over, took one look at the sandwich, and got seasick. Carole turned green, and finished the entire trip under wraps.

Dick Powell is the most hearty of the Hollywood Old Salts and hardly a week-end passes but he runs up the sails on his beautiful boat, the Galatea, and heads for the open sea for a fishing spree. Sometimes he takes the little wife (Joan Blondell) along, and sometimes she just can't face it. But Joan wants to be sporting about it, so the other week-end when Dick planned to fish off Catalina she and Normie went along to help Daddy Dick pull them in.

Normie is at that age now when he doesn't want to be bothered with a woman, even if she is his mother, so as soon as the Galatea was underway young Normie announced, "Cabins are for the ladies, Mommy. You better go below. Only we men can stay on deck."

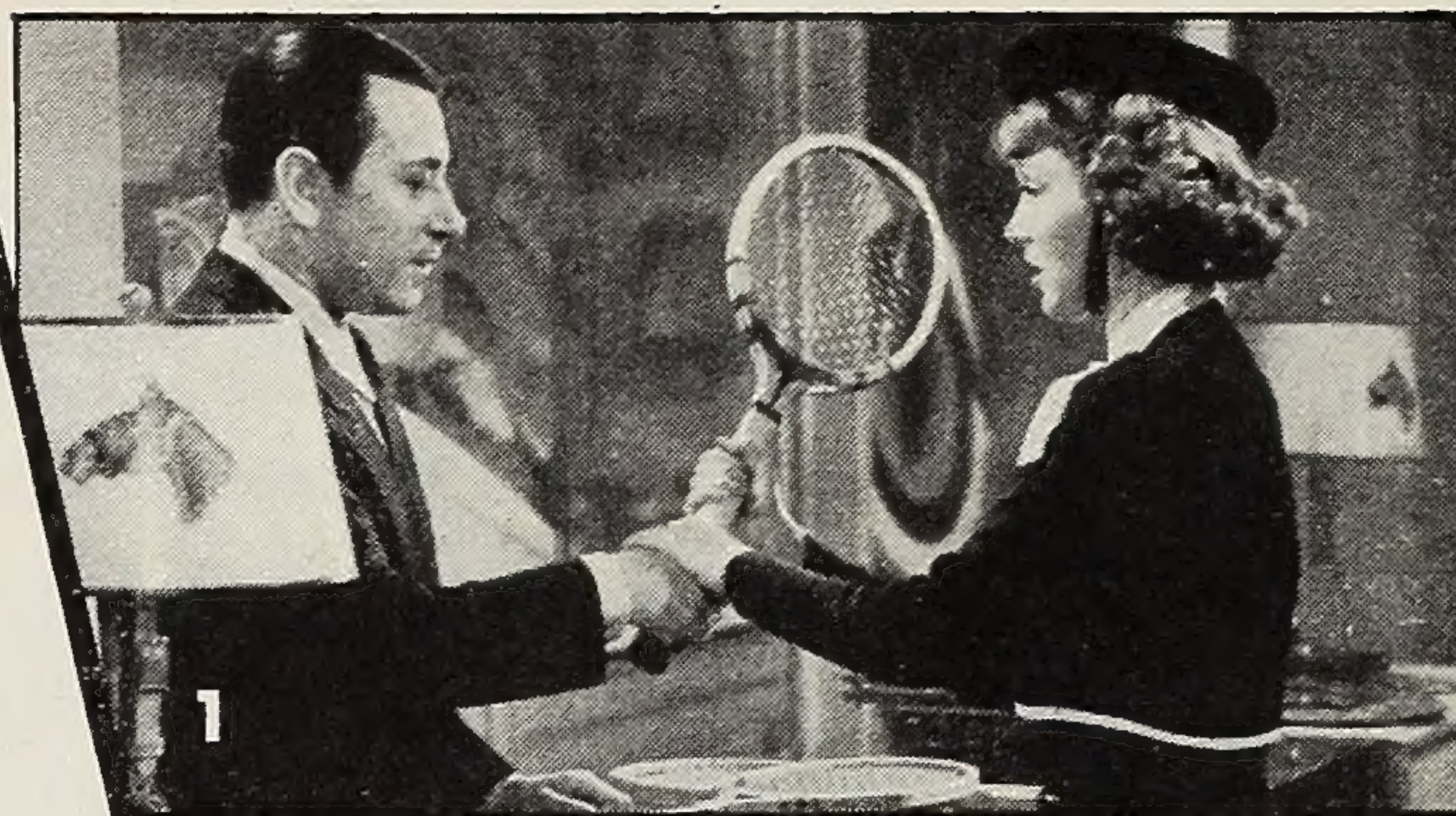
It was hot down there, and Miss Blondell's stomach isn't too strong on the sea at best. Soon she was having that old feeling. "Hello, Mommy," Normie yelled down the hatch, "having a fine time?" "No," moaned Joan weakly, "I must come up and get some air." "Oh, no," called back Normie, "ladies must stay downstairs. We men are fishing." Joan swears she has gone on her last fishing trip—and she hopes her next child is a girl and a sissy.

Liza

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HAVE THEY THE RIGHT TO LOVE ON PAROLE?

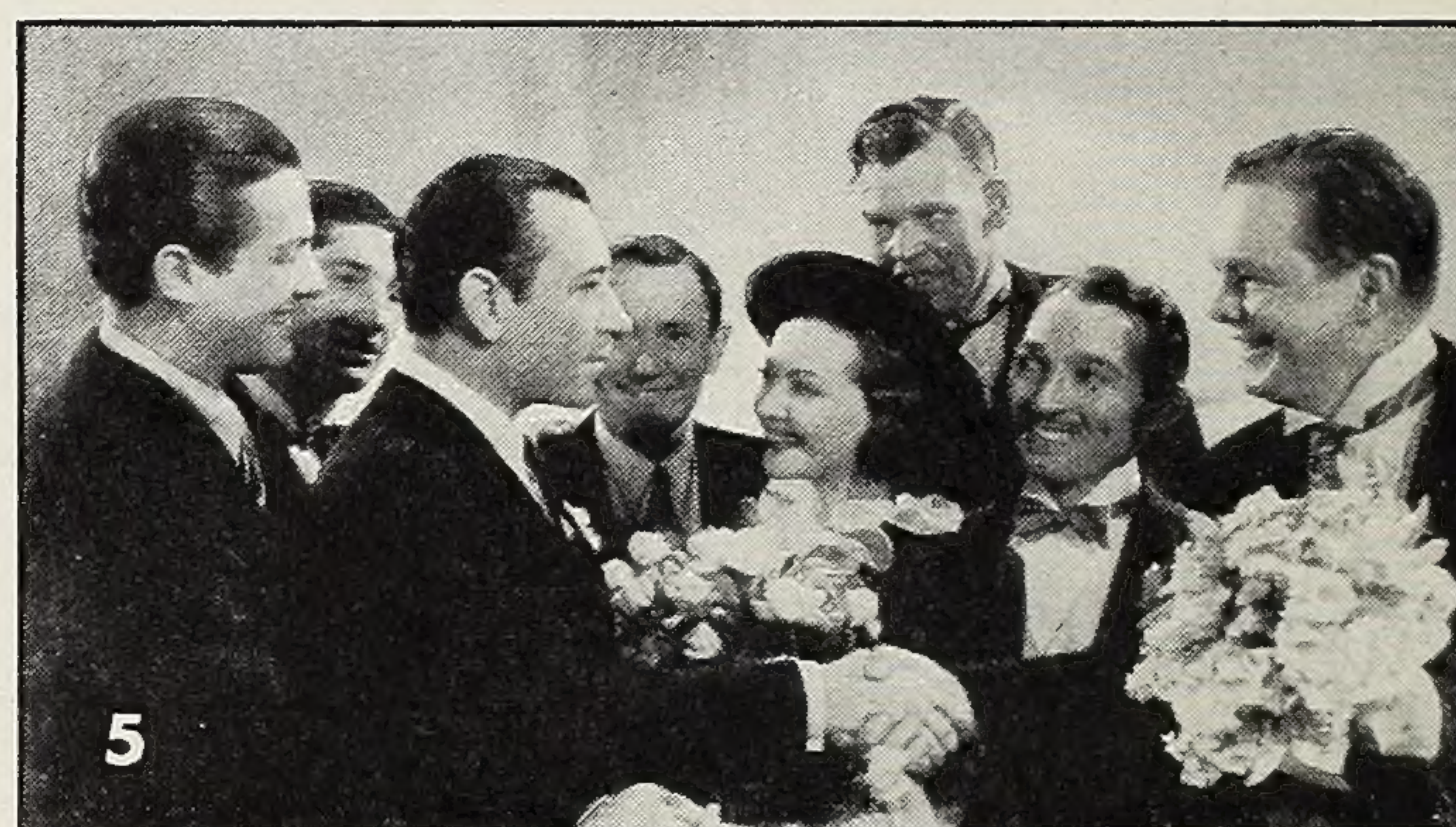
Have this man and woman paid the debt of their tattered past in full, now the prison gates have opened for them? Have they the right to hope, to dream, to make their dreams come true? Have they the right to love on parole? They place their case before you, ask you to be their judge and jury. Read these pages. See the flaming story of their battle for life, for love in Paramount's daring drama of the mighty parole problem. Then search your heart and speak your honest answer!



Joe (George Raft), on parole, gets job in store.



They meet, like each other, make their first date.



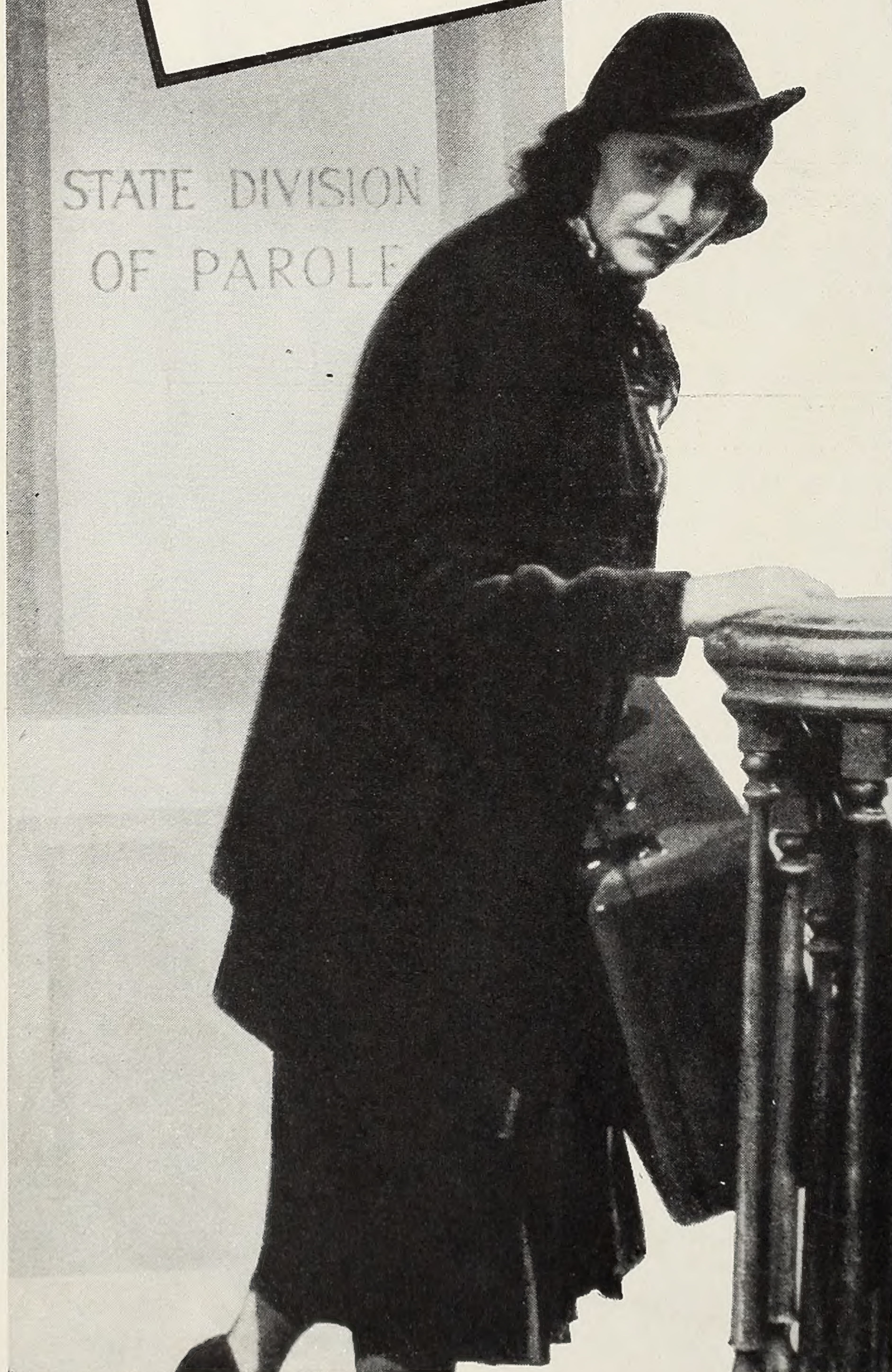
Encouraged by their friends they dare to marry.



Comes the dread shadow of the past, the parole officer...



Again the finger of the law levels at Joe, accusing...

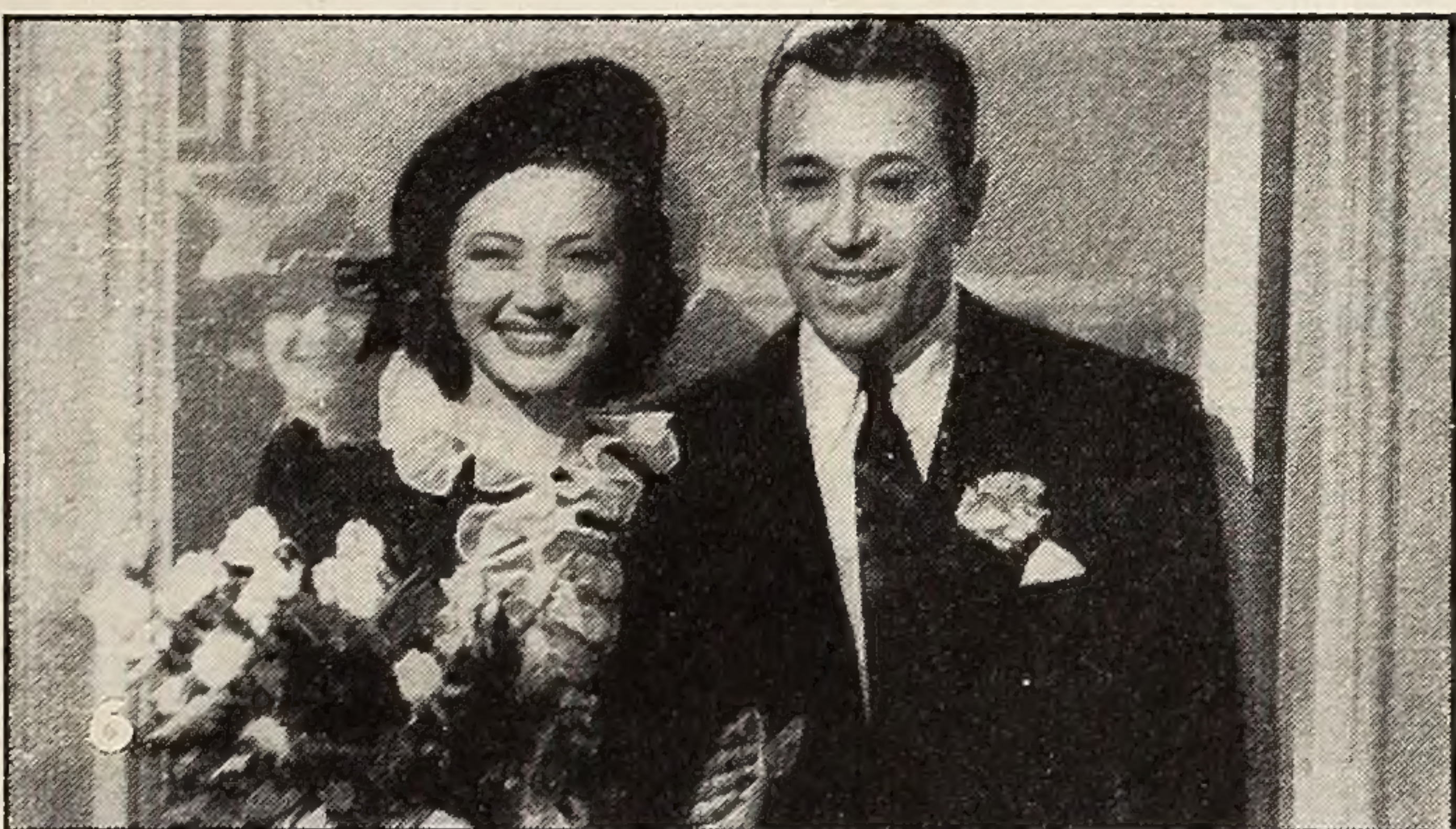




Helen (Sylvia Sidney), on parole, gets similar job.



Soon they are daring to speak of love, of marriage.



Happy in their new love, they face the world together.



Again Joe is fleeing the law...



Must they again pay the terrible price?



ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS
Sylvia SIDNEY • George RAFT
"YOU AND ME"

Barton MacLane • Harry Carey • Roscoe Karns
 George E. Stone • Warren Hymer • Robert Cummings
 Produced and Directed by **FRITZ LANG**

A
PARAMOUNT
PICTURE



Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

Glamour WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS

GLAMOUR!—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have it" more than any other feature? Don't let it slumber there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxuriant lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

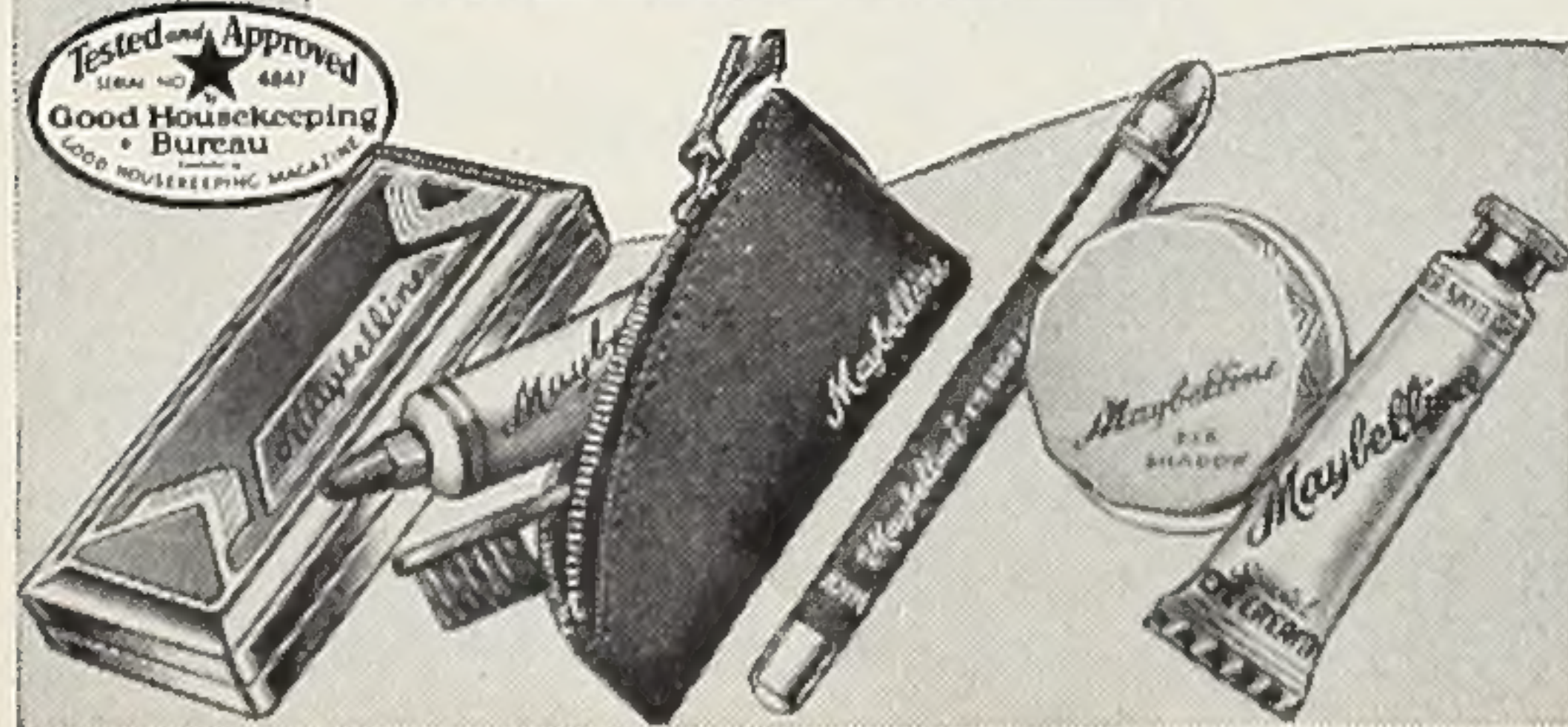
- Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

- Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

- At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

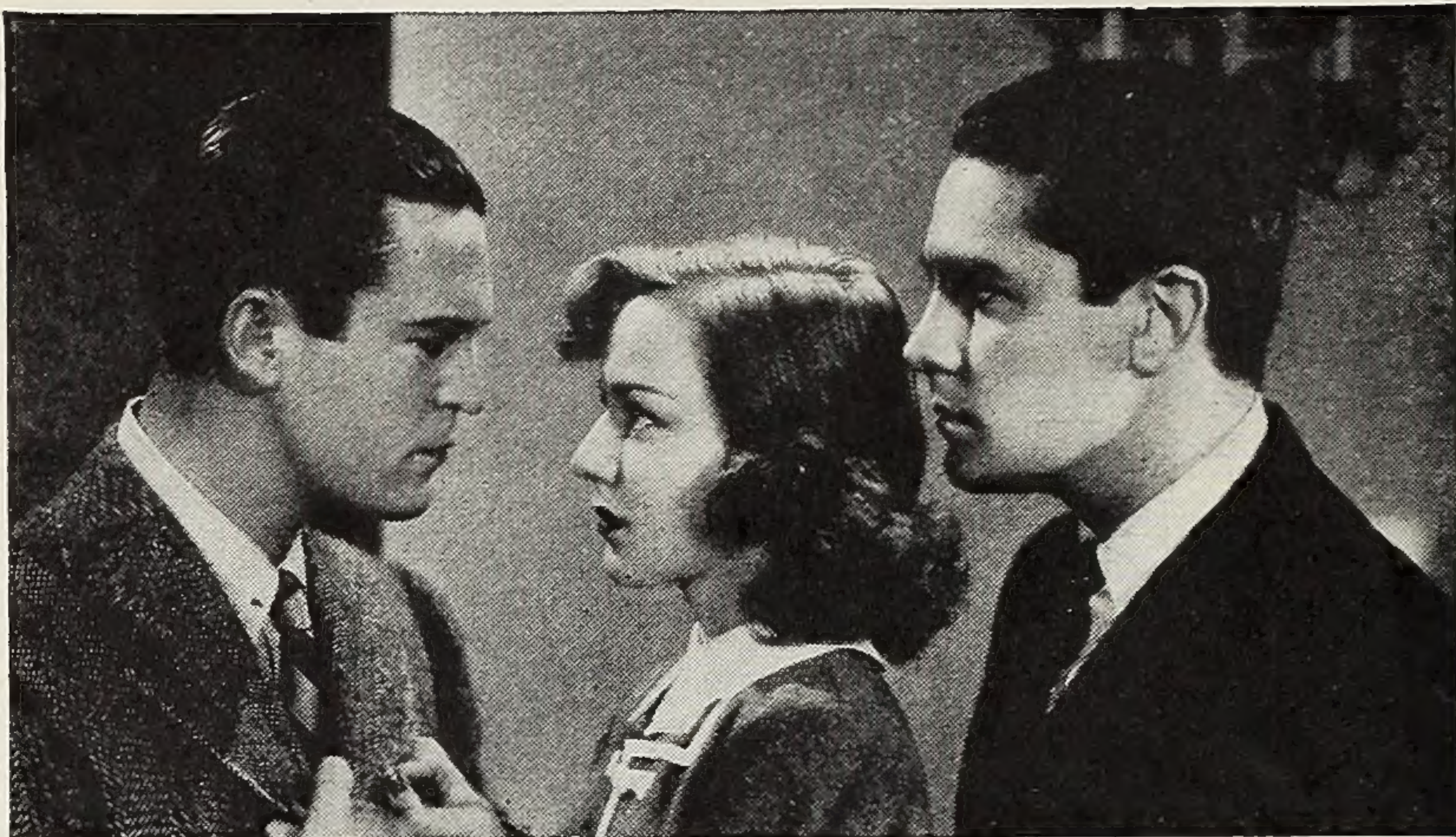
- Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

- Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



Tips On Pictures

Chester Morris, Anne Shirley and Richard Bond have serious matters to discuss in "Law Of The Underworld."



BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Fine. Although this infectious comedy suffers a bit by comparison with Ernst Lubitch's many excellent romances, it is so far above the average run of pictures that we have to commend it highly. Gary Cooper is cast as the modern Bluebeard (if you can imagine that) and the lovely Claudette Colbert, after becoming his eighth spouse, is the one who teaches him what we call "a lesson." The settings are in Paris and on the Riviera.

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Good. A breezy comedy of young marriage, which takes a huge floppo (only temporarily, of course) when Virginia Bruce, the lovely bride, insists upon continuing her business career and Bob Montgomery, the indignant husband, puts thumbs down on the proposition. Yes, there's a happy ending. (Binnie Barnes, Lee Bowman).

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Good. If you are a pushover for the kind of daffy comedy that Joe Penner is guilty of, then this is your night's entertainment. Joe wins a trailer through a lottery and is speeding along the highway peacefully until pursued by bank robbers who use him as a blind. Lucille Ball plays his wife and proves herself a fine comedienne.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—Good. There are some who will think this melodrama of the Old West a bit quaint, and they'll be right. But, it teams that grand romantic team of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, always a pleasure to watch and always a pleasure to hear, so what more can you ask? And they do sing divinely, both singly and *a duo*.

HEART OF ARIZONA—Good. No need to tell you that this is a red-blooded western yarn; the title gives that away. But we do want you to know that it features the extremely popular rough and ready hero, Hopalong Cassidy, who has won so many fans for himself this past year. (William Boyd, George Hayes, Lane Chandler, Dorothy Short).

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—Fine. This is one of a series of feature length films woven around the same main set of characters, Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker. In this one the plot takes them to Washington, where Mickey gives his father (Stone) a tip on how to outsmart some political sharpshooters. Even the so-hard-to-please will fall for this grand comedy.

LAW OF THE UNDERWORLD—Good. Chester Morris plays the leader of a large underworld gang, but is gentleman enough to suavely ingratiate himself with important leaders on the legitimate side of the fence. The plot is highly dramatic and has a stirring climax. In cast, Anne Shirley, Walter Abel, Edward Ciannelli, Richard Bond.

LIFE DANCES ON—Excellent. A French language film which won several notable awards on its home grounds, and is certainly deserving of much credit here. It is really a story of the disenchantment of a very lovely woman in her late thirties, who, widowed and lonely, seeks to recapture the lost happiness of her youth and fails. The action is necessarily episodic but the characterizations are adroitly drawn.

MR. MOTO'S DIARY—Fine. Again Peter Lorre plays the extremely canny Japanese criminologist who heads this absorbing series of mystery films. The plot of this one concerns the solving of a murder committed during a prizefight, and the action is highlighted by plenty of comedy as well

as plenty of rousing good drama of the sports' ring. (Keye Luke, Jayne Regan).

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Excellent. You will want to sit through this twice. It is really that delightful. Deanna Durbin comes through again with a charming performance as the schoolgirl in Switzerland who "makes up" a fictitious father with whom to silence her smug school chums. As he turns out to be the attractive Herbert Marshall, we feel that Deanna was not so dumb. (Gail Patrick).

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—A cops and robbers type of plot, with Paul Kelly cast as the genial policeman who gets wounded by a gangster's bullet. At the hospital he meets nurse Sally Eilers and then the romance complications begin to set in. Good only on a dual program.

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Good. An historical romance laid in Mexico about a hundred years ago and replete with a fair assortment of melodramatic action, comedy and music with a captivating native lilt. The cast includes John Carroll, who has an excellent voice, Movita, Antonio Moreno and Lina Basquette.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—Excellent. You're bound to enjoy this latest Shirley Temple opus. That's kid's really *some*thin'. But don't expect an authentic adaptation of that old childhood classic. Oh, no. This is a de luxe 1938 version (and good, too) with radio and tap-dancing interpolations, AND Bill Robinson. (Gloria Stuart, Randolph Scott).

TIP-OFF GIRLS—Good. If it's thrills and excitement you're looking for this fast-moving story of highjackers and G-men ought to raise your blood pressure enough to satisfy you for one evening. Lloyd Nolan plays the G-man while J. Carrol Naish is the sneering gangster, as usual. (Mary Carlisle, Larry Crabbe, Evelyn Brent).

TO THE VICTOR—Fine. This pastoral screen film, produced in England, was adapted from that unforgettable Scotch story, read when we were still in school, called "Bob, Son of Battle." Bob, lest you forget, is that marvelous sheep dog who succeeds in uniting his master with "the woman he loves." The rural Scotch atmosphere is compelling in its beauty and simplicity. (John Loder, Margaret Lockwood).

TRIP TO PARIS, A—Fine. Another full-length film in the wholesome Jones' series, featuring Jed Prouty and Spring Byington as the parents who celebrate their silver wedding anniversary by taking their whole family to Paris, where they run into a bit of romance as well as some unexpected underworld excitement. (Shirley Deane, Russell Gleason, Florence Roberts, etc.).

TORCHY BLANE IN PANAMA—Good. Torchy, if you follow your "series films" (and they are becoming *that* popular) is the wise-cracking girl reporter who has a penchant for getting involved in the grandest messes. Lola Lane plays Torchy this round, instead of the curt Glenda Farrell, but the role stands up just as vigorously under the change. (Paul Kelly).

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Fair. One of those smooth productions with an equally smooth cast of characters, but which never seems to "come off." Kay Francis, perhaps, is miscast as the astute career woman who becomes estranged from her husband (Pat O'Brien) when she tries to help him out in his advertising business. Of course they are reconciled in the end. That's where the title comes in.

"I could have told you that a year ago!"

"Aren't you floored! Janet losing Tod?"

"Not at all, Louise." Ann glanced at the newspaper. "They were drifting a year ago. And I think I know one of the reasons—Janet's bad breath! Remember?"

"Of course! It practically eased her out of the Bridge Club. But you'd think Tod would have sort of tactfully given her a bottle of Listerine."

"You'd think so. But men never seem to tell their wives when they're slipping."

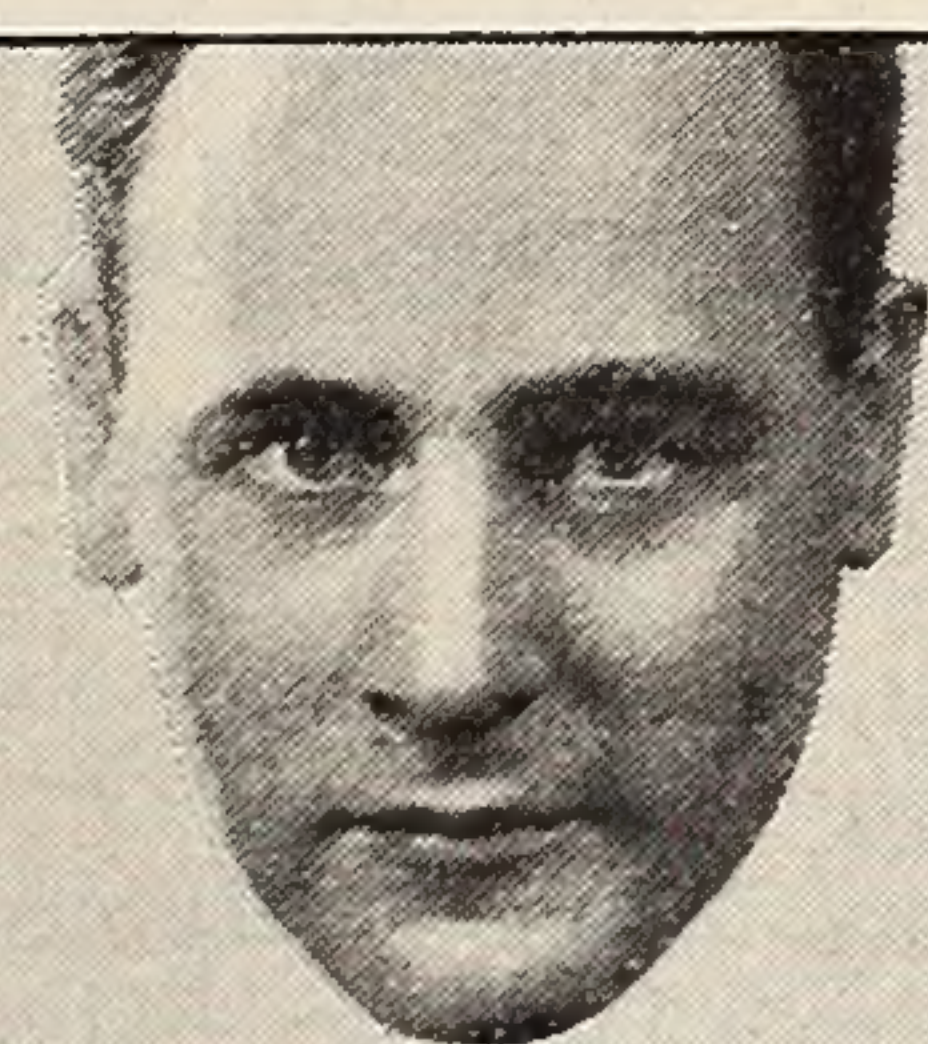
IT'S FATAL

Certainly nothing so completely nullifies a woman's charm as a case of halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know that you have it. You may be offending the very persons whose favor you court.

How foolish to take this risk. All you need do to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome, is to use Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine is the delightful, quick-acting deodorant all fastidious people use. Listerine halts fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) then overcomes the odors themselves.

When you want to be on the safe side about your breath you need quick antiseptic and deodorant action, and Listerine Antiseptic provides it delightfully.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



The Merchant of Venus is what they call successful Walter Thornton in New York. Every year he interviews thousands of beauties. If they pass his critical inspection, he sends them to commercial studios, the stage, and movie lots.

FROM PLAIN JANE AT \$18 PER TO "GLAMOUR GIRL"

AT \$100.00 A WEEK

AS TOLD BY WALTER THORNTON, THE MAN WHO PICKS THE BEAUTIES FOR STUDIO, STAGE & SCREEN



OF ALL THE BEAUTY HINTS MR. THORNTON GAVE ME, I APPRECIATE MOST HIS SUGGESTION TO USE **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**. IT'S GENTLE, SOFT, DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING, AND IT'S REALLY MIRACULOUS THE WAY IT MAKES TEETH SPARKLE AND GLEAM.



CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

It's a change for the better

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder in modern form... easy to put on the brush... no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

*That Luscious
New Shade
is CONGO!*



*"Thrilling with Spring
Costume colors," SAYS*

JOAN BENNETT

charming star of I Met My Love Again

CONGO is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success—an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige.

Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: TROPIC... SPICE...CABAÑA. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

GLAZO'S NEW *Perfected Polish*

1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really *clings* to the nails.

2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Get Glazo's new, exciting colors—CONGO, SPICE, CABAÑA and TROPIC—at all drug counters, in extra large sizes at..... **25¢**



GLAZO
The Smart Manicure



"Sinners in Paradise." They find that a desert island whips up the appetite. (L. to R.) Gene Lockhart, Marion Martin, Charlotte Wynters, Bruce Cabot, Madge Evans, Don Barry and John Boles.

At Universal

A GALA month for me, my chickadees, because it marks the return of Madge Evans to pictures from the radio. Universal has finally wakened to Madge's potentialities and brought her back to the screen in an opus called "Sinners in Paradise."

It seems that a giant airship, bound for China and, of course, carrying an oddly assorted group of passengers, including the beautiful, selfish and fabulously wealthy Charlotte Wynters, Madge (a married dame, dissatisfied with her lot, who is going to try nursing in the Orient), Nana Bryant (en route to China to visit a son she has not seen in yeas and yeas), Marion Martin (a fugitive from a gambling investigation), Bruce Cabot (a racketeer—and why don't you reform in at least *one* picture, Bruce?) and Milburn Stone and Morgan Conway, who plan to sell guns and ammunitions to rival warring groups in China.

Do I have to tell you the plane is wrecked and falls into the ocean near an uncharted island? Everyone is saved but when they reach shore they find the uncharted island inhabited by John Boles and his Chinese servant, Willie Fung.

You may well imagine that one servant can't be expected to cope with such an influx of visitors, particularly uninvited guests. Besides that, since there are no stores, dance halls, beer joints or anything else on the island Willie's wages wouldn't do him one jot of good so there's no sense to his continuing "in service." The result is, the castaways have to pitch in and do their share. They gang up on Charlotte because she's rich and has never had to work. They altruistically want to show her how the other half lives. And so we pick them up as they sit down to lunch. Mr. Cabot, who should know better, because he founded the

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

Survey
Of The
Month With
The Movie Makers
By S. R. Mook

exclusive Embassy Club in Hollywood, yells, "Let's get at that food!"

Gene Lockhart (who plays a licentious old senator) whispers to Charlotte (who is serving the lunch) "I'll tell you after lunch. We'll be off this island in a week."

"Come on, Thelma," one of the gang yells at Charlotte, "the food should have been on the table by now."

Charlotte shoots him a dirty look and starts serving as the gang already have their mouths full of the food that was already on the table.

"Ya know," Cabot observes with his mouth chock full, "when I was a kid I had a job at one of the big packing companies in Chicago—and it gave me an idea. When the storm season comes along it's gonna be pretty tough fishing, ain't it? And maybe it won't be so hot for our vegetable garden. Suppose I built a smoke oven?"

Charlotte has been dishing it out (the food, I mean) to various guests. When she gets to Bruce she notices his place is empty so she heaps an extra large second portion on it. He looks up at her gratefully. There is a promise of something very pleasant in the smile she favors him with. (It always seems to me the Hays office strains at a gnat and swallows a camel—the things they pass and the things they red-pencil).

Well, anyhow, Charlotte moves along and presently she comes to Marion Martin. She portions off an extremely meager amount for Marion's second helping. "Hey!" yaps Marion angrily. "What's the idea? Is this all I get?"

"I'm thinking of your figure, dear," Charlotte replies sweetly. "You're getting

awfully plump." And that is what you might call the squelch elegant—neat but not gaudy.

Mr. Boles and Miss Evans, although in this scene are not of it. They're sitting at the far end of the table where I can't get to them. John waves a big hello and Mr. Whale, the director, looks as though he'd had an acute attack of indigestion at the thought of anyone on one of his sets speaking to anyone else. So I leave because, after all, there is no sense in deliberately making anyone sick to his stummick.

The next set is occupied by a picture with the rather startling title, "Hell's Kitchen." Of course, everyone knows that's a district in New York but, being an old-fashioned boy (good Lord! How old do they grow where he comes from) I always feel startled when I see that word in print. They say the title will be changed so I suppose I'm getting all steamed up over nothing.

There isn't much to the scene I see. It's a very fashionable night club (remember when they were cabarets?) and Mr. William Gargan is dancing with Miss Beatrice Roberts. William is the only one in the joint who isn't in evening dress but it doesn't seem to faze him an iota. Beverly keeps smiling at someone at a table and waving to him and Willie is apparently trying to intimate to the party of the third part that he should be on his way. When his scowls and grimaces fail to take effect he grabs Beverly closer and starts "Dancing Cheek to Cheek."

This little number is being directed by Ray McCarey. Ray, along with Joseph Santley at RKO, is one of my favorite directors—a lad who should be doing bigger and better things. They only give him little pictures to direct but he turns out good ones and they always make money for the company. Now, if Ray had been directing "Sinners In Paradise"—oh, what's the use. Nobody ever listens to me anyhow.

The last picture on this lot this month is one of Universal's most important productions of the year for it marks the American debut of Danielle Darrieux—at long last. Opposite her are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Louis Hayward and I think that's a pretty good break for a gal who's just starting in, so to speak.

I don't understand the furnishings on this set. The chiffonier and dressing table are strictly modernistic but the chairs and lamps are Victorian and there are shelves filled with old-fashioned china ornaments.

The people on the set tell me frankly they haven't the foggiest (as we say in Merrie England) what it's all about. If they don't know I don't see why I should worry. I only know both Danielle and Doug, Jr., are in pajamas and lounging robes.

"I hope that's all?" Doug hopes sarcastically.

But it isn't. "I'd like a glass of water," Danielle counters, sparring for time.

"You can get a glass of water by taking the top off that carafe, tilting it this way and holding the glass under it," he explains patiently—too patiently.

"This?" she asks meekly, indicating the carafe.

"Yes, that!" he rejoins. "And if you want a cigarette, all you have to do is this (picking one out of a box) and this (striking a light)."

"No, thanks," she smiles innocently, "I don't smoke."

"Well, if there's anything else you want, will you speak now or forever give me peace?" he begs her.

"No, thanks," she repeats. "I think I'll look out of the window. I hope you don't mind," she adds sarcastically as she leans out.

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect *ruined* by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely *surface* clean. You need that deep *under-layer cleansing* that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for *months*. It is *this* dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream *penetrates* this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowingly clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, *free and postpaid*. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

(43)

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Color

with

ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • BASIL
RATHBONE • CLAUDE RAINS
PATRIC KNOWLES • EUGENE PALLETTE
ALAN HALE • MELVILLE COOPER
IAN HUNTER • UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton
I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by
Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

NOW PAINTS

THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!

Loving, roistering, battling... blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of

Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR



One whiff....
then a tiff!



"GARGLE....
takes a Jiff!"



PEPSODENT
ends their rift!

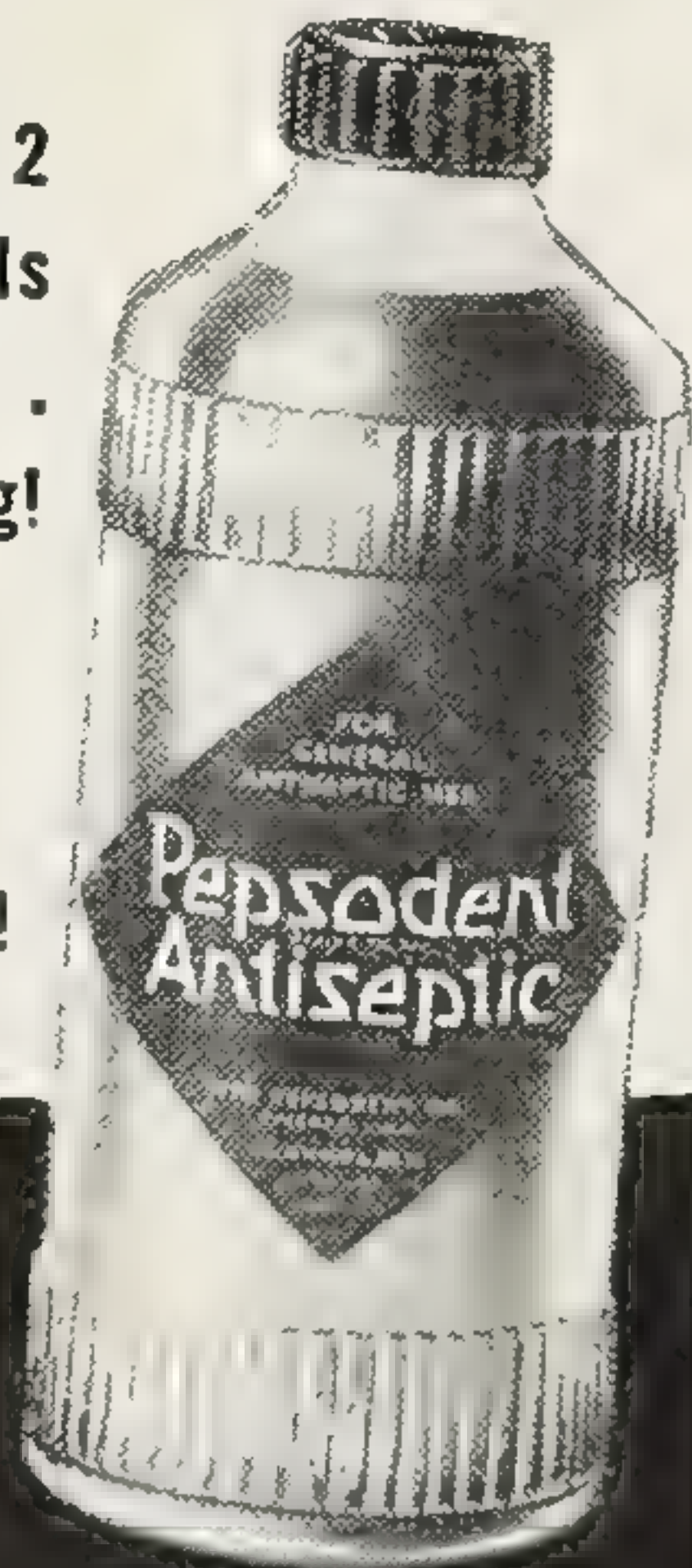


In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
EQUALS 3 BOTTLES
OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2
parts water, still kills
germs in seconds...
Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR
MONEY GO 3
TIMES AS FAR!



PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
keeps your
MOUTH and BREATH
SWEETER
HOURS LONGER

"Not at all," he assures her. "That comes with the room."

It isn't exactly what I'd call a scintillating scene but the picture is being directed by John Stahl and I've never known Mr. Stahl to turn out a poor picture so I'm sure it'll work in somewhere. And a lot, if not all, of the dialogue was contributed by Frank Rowan. And there is no one funnier than Frank when he wants to be. Wasn't it he who slipped up behind me in New York one morning and started screaming at the top of his voice that Seventh Avenue would have to be repainted and the Park Central Hotel done over in cerise and apple green immediately? It may not sound funny to tell but the effect was startling—on me, at any rate—and some of the passersby edged away from Frank and moved toward the protecting arm of the traffic cop. And the cop didn't look too all-fired nonchalant, either.

I stop a moment to chat with Doug. We reminisce about the old days when I first interviewed him, when he was a fledgling star at Warner Brothers, teamed with Loretta Young. Times have changed since then for both of us. Mr. Fairbanks now gets \$100,000 a picture and I'm even closer to the poorhouse than I was.

Over at Republic

I THINK as long as I'm out this way I might as well dash out to Republic and see what's doing because it's been a long time since I've been there. And whom do you suppose I run into out there? None other than Richard Arlen and Beverly Roberts. I haven't seen either of them in weeks and weeks because, first, I was away and later Mr. Arlen was away playing in golf tournaments (expensively, but unsuccessfully) and Miss Roberts—well, Garbo has nothing on Beverly when it comes to covering her tracks.

This epic is called "Thunder In Alaska" and, as you may have guessed, is a saga of the great Northwest—another "Call of the Wild." 'Tis a long, long story. Beverly is a writer gathering material in a small Eskimo village. All of them are facing starvation due to the depredations of packs of wild dogs and wolves which are killing all available game. *Swift Lightning* (half dog, half wolf) is the leader of the wild dogs.

Three game wardens are sent to the dis-

trict to set a trap for the wild dogs, baited with a small herd of reindeer. On the trip one of the wardens dies and his faithful female collie, *Firefly*, refuses to leave his grave near the Eskimo village. The trap fails as *Swift Lightning* leads his pack through the superstitious Eskimos, and the reindeer that were to be the cause of the wild dogs' doom, actually save them from starvation. The Eskimos desert the village.

Beverly, despite the coaxing of Lyle Talbot and the threats of Richard Arlen, refuses to leave on the boat Lyle is taking. Dick, knowing she cannot survive the winter alone, forces her reluctantly to leave with him by dog sled for Nonana. (Do you follow me? It really doesn't matter because I get paid anyway).

I run onto them in a clearing. Everything is covered with snow, the wind makes an eerie sound and the pine trees sigh dolefully. Both of them are muffled up in furs and furs and furs. There are Alaskan huskies and half-breed police dogs and Buck, the St. Bernard from "Call of the Wild" and all sorts of atmosphere about. I glance down at the McAfee shoes Mr. Arlen brought me back from England, at the Watson suit and Aquascutum topcoat (also imported from England) I'm wearing and wonder, in mild alarm, how I'm to survive the winter. Then I remember it's really May and not winter at all. So I give myself over to watching the scene.

"I'll never forget these days together, Gaston," Beverly whispers softly. "The hardships. They've taught me something."

Dick says nothing. He just gazes into the fire—afraid to look at her—afraid of the emotion he feels. "I didn't know what I was doing—the chances I was making you take," Bev continues. "Now, you've lost your furs, your dogs—everything."

"Not everything," he replies quietly. She turns, looking up at him. "I've lived so much alone," he goes on, "I'd forgotten—I didn't know a woman *could* be so—so courageous."

"Then you don't hate me?" she asks softly. But Dick only looks at her, unable to speak. "Say it," she insists. But, for answer, his arms go around her and he kisses her. She clings to him a moment, then smiles happily. "I don't care what happens now," she breathes.

Suddenly something snaps, breaks the



Penny Singleton and Lola Lane. The picture is named "Mr. Chump." Must refer to the title writer.

spell. He looks up quickly. A few feet away are *Firefly* and *Swift Lightning* come back to lead them to safety.

But there is more—much more—before it is all over and LOVE has conquered all.

When the scene is finished we get together for a gab fest with Dick going into minute explanations as to exactly why he didn't win the four tournaments up north and Beverly (at my insistence) telling Dick the joke she told me at our first meeting. Only, instead of practically breaking his jaw with a smack, as she did mine, she gives him a gentle shove that robs the joke of its point. Then, just as we're really settling down to business and asking each other, "Have you heard this one?" the script girl comes up and says, "I'm sorry but I've got to rehearse you two in your lines for the next scene."

Humph! I've often said—and I say it again—no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head before I can take a hint. I just say, "well, don't let me hold you up. I'll just have a snack at the corner and charge it to the company, the same as if we were all eating together." And off I go to—

RKO

ALAS and alack. Only one picture shooting here—"Blind Alibi"—and that's on location. There is a dog in it—a grandson of *Strongheart*. Most of you probably won't remember *Strongheart* but, as grandpa recalls, he was the first of the trained dogs in pictures. The young lady who goes around the lot with me tells me about a scene in the picture where the dog is supposed to get a man down. They made the scene, all right, and the man's coat and even the lining were torn to ribbons and the man wasn't even scratched. All I can say is that's more faith in a dog's intelligence than I'd have.

It's only a stone's throw, well, practically, from RKO to—

Columbia

SO I go there next. Again only one picture shooting but it's a honey. It's called "Holiday" and was Ann Harding's greatest success. Personally I preferred her in "Paris Bound" but the public didn't so "Holiday" still stands as her best. Only now, instead of the delectable Miss Harding they have Katharine Hepburn. They also have Cary Grant and Lew Ayres. Also, they have George Cukor directing.

The story, briefly, is that Cary has worked hard most of his life and doesn't know how to play. He meets Katharine at a mountain resort under unusual circumstances and persuades her to show him how to play. When it is time for her to return to New York he asks her to be his playmate for life. (Little does he reckon what he's letting himself in for). There is a reception. Lew is the drunken brother and Doris Nolan is the sister.

Lew is standing in a corner, behind a palm tree, a half consumed drink in his hand. He has obviously had quite a bit to drink but is not yet drunk. (Give him time). Doris comes in with Cary.

"Did you speak to Linda (Linda being Katharine)?" she asks Lew.

But Lew ignores her question. He turns to Cary. "Did you like Cousins Seton (Henry Daniell) and Laura (Binnie Barnes), Johnny? It's a great privilege to meet them, don't you think? (Did I tell you Linda comes from a fine family, obscenely wealthy?) And they called you by your first name, too. I hope you appreciate that?"

Doris, being tact personified, tries to soft-pedal the Linda question. "What did Linda say to you?"

But Lew ignores her again, and continues to Cary: "Cheer up, Johnny. If you

[Continued on page 79]



ROCHELLE HUDSON

20th Century-Fox Star

Half and Half

The smooth fitting half-skirt of this Lastex Wisp-o-weight suit gives maillot-slimness to the hips. Jantzen-spun wool and Lastex yarn . . . \$5.95

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The Suit of the Future -

JANTZEN

Lastex Wisp-O-Weight

The miracle of Lastex knitted into Jantzen wool fabrics by an exclusive process has made obsolete all former standards of fit and figure-control in water wear. Step into 1939 in a new Jantzen Lastex Wisp-o-weight It's a year ahead, the suit of the future. It is wondrously light, exceptionally soft, rapid-drying. But more than that—it fits you perfectly and makes you look better than *any suit you have ever worn*. It has just the ideal ratio of two-way stretch, molding your body in the natural lines of youth. It softens contours, slims and slenderizes you, firmly yet comfortably.

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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LASTEX WISP-O-WEIGHT SWIM SUITS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 191, Portland, Oregon
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1938 models.

Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
... and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance
in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The
RITZ BROTHERS
in
KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARJORIE
MARTIN • WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
 Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's
 tune fullest, swingin'-
 est, best!



handed her a package.

"Miss Livingstone," he blurted out, breathless and embarrassed, "I sympathize with you when they razz your poems because I used to write some awful ones, too. But I got better after a while and I think you will improve also. I think we have a lot in common and I want you to have this book of poems I wrote especially for you. If you want to get in touch with me, my address is . . ."

"Meet my husband, Mister—er—" said Mary, politely, turning to Jack who was standing just behind her. Apparently the boy didn't know she was Mrs. Benny because he suddenly got quite white, turned, and ran away.

All the way home Jack razed Mary about her reluctant Romeo. "Aha! Getting sympathy for your literary efforts, are you?"

When she finally opened the package she found, on pages bordered by entwined hearts and curlicue roses, sappy stanzas on spring trees, and rippling brooks. Not one was about her personally and she got ripping mad. "The big gyp," she cried, "I always wanted someone to write a poem about me. Do I have to be a breeze or a bird to get myself in rhyme? 'Taint right, it just ain't right!"

Special precautions are taken to protect the stars from panhandlers in the guise of fans. In fact, Virginia Bruce says that the distinguishing characteristic between the Stage Door Johnny of yore and the 1938 model is that the former came bearing gifts while the latter usually wants an autograph, a picture, a meal, a ride, a ticket, or whatnot.

That sounds a bit harsh, but it brings to mind the experience Lionel Barrymore had, the memory of which still brings a chuckle. As soon as he left the radio studio, he was surrounded by a group of autograph hunters. While he was writing his name, a man came up to him. By his breath and his weaving motions, Barrymore saw that he was more than a little drunk.

"Got a quarter, buddy?" the stranger asked.

Lionel looked up and said, "I beg your pardon?"

At which the drunk asked, "For what?"

"I thought you asked me for a quarter," replied the actor.

"Sorry, kiddo," answered the inebriated one as he wavered onward, "I never give money to strangers."

For a while Lily Pons had a persistent Stage Door Johnny who became the Mystery Man of Radio Row. Every time she left the studio she found a very impressive limousine complete with chauffeur, parked directly behind her car. Standing beside the open door of the limousine was a middle-aged man in dinner clothes who bowed and asked if he might drive her to her destination. Lily smiled to him the first time, thanked him and said that she preferred to use her own car. Since then he never asked her again, although he was there each week. He merely bowed deeply, murmured "Good night, Miss Pons," and the chauffeur

(Top row) Gracie Allen and Dorothy Lamour. (In corner) Lionel Barrymore meeting his autograph

collectors. (Above) There's always a big stag line waiting for Rosemary Lane. (Right) Fannie Brice accommodates some admirers. (Below) Virginia Bruce—who wouldn't wait for her?

drove away with him.

When this had been going on for a couple of months, Lily told some friends about it at a party. One of the girls present said she would find out who the elderly beau was. So, after the next broadcast, she followed his car in a taxi. She had expected that he would be driven to one of the city's leading men's clubs or to a fashionable apartment house. Instead, he was taken to one of those renting places where you can hire a limousine by the hour, liveried chauffeur included. She saw him pay the charges and depart on foot. Either he sensed that he was being followed and so was ashamed to return, or else his funds gave out, for he never came back again to gaze at Lily from a respectful distance.

When Priscilla and Rosemary Lane were broadcasting with the Fred Waring band, theirs was the biggest stag line in any theatre alley. Of course it flattered the girls to have such a string of admirers waiting to present them with an occasional gardenia or the ever-present autograph book for signature. In fact, they had quite a number of regulars who waited for them each week. But beyond a brief "hello," they never got any friendlier with the boys, much to the latter's disappointment.

Imagine the surprise of the stags when Rosemary came out one night, spied a great big cowboy in the crowd, ran up to him, and embraced him right in front of everybody. Later they found out he was an old friend who worked on a ranch where the Lane girls used to spend their summers and he used to take especial care of Rosemary. He had just come to town to ride in the rodeo and had learned of her broadcast too late to get a ticket of admission. So he did the next best thing. He decided to present himself [Continued on page 71]

JOHNNIES RETURN

By Ruth Arell

BOB TAYLOR'S GREATEST THRILLS



As Told To
Ben Maddox
By
Bob, Himself

A recent picture of Bob and his pedigree boxer dogs on his ranch in the San Fernando valley. (Right) Mrs. Spangler Brugh and her famous son.

His Rise Has Been Meteoric, But On The Way He Has Had Five Unforgettable Moments Which Have Become Treasured Memories.

wanted to size up my big moments in life so far. I seemed to have a perspective on myself. The constant succession of incidents seemed to grow dim and just a few experiences stood out strongly. I could isolate five, altogether.

The green meadow with its giant oaks was gone. I was nine years old again and the snow-storm outside our house in Beatrice, Nebraska, had clouded out the afternoon. It was warm there in the kitchen and I was glad to be home from school. My mother was going to stir up some chocolate and she had a batch of cookies I was going to demolish. It was too much like a blizzard to hurry on over to Joe's. The gang wouldn't be there with a storm going into high.

"Your father is going to have to get home tonight from away out in the country," my mother said. There was an anxiety in her tone I had never noticed before. "Mrs. Roberts is having another baby." I wasn't impressed by that; dad was the best doctor in the whole town. But maybe he would have a terrible job getting through the drifts that were piling up. The electric light flickered. My mother handed me the cup of hot chocolate, the plate of cookies, and the tone of her voice had a wonderful affection in it. She told me, then, of how dad had altered his entire life to save hers. She had always been delicate. No doctor could give her the right cure. So, for love of her, after they were married, my father had given up his

I think that all of us can stop, once in a while, and look back at our big moments. Today we are apt to be busier than is really necessary. Distractions try to seize us. Attempting to please everybody, aiming to accomplish in too many different fields, we get into fine muddles. Then, eventually, when we have worried and asked advice, we are suddenly left alone. The answers to our confusion, we discover, have to be found in ourselves. When we finally use our heads, instead of all the alibis we can muster up, we get back to the old, sound principle of cause and effect. Yesterday's experiences brought us today's dilemmas—or happiness.

Mistakes don't haunt me. I don't wake up in the middle of the night, clutched by regrets. If I have had an unsatisfactory day I know it is because I slipped up somewhere. Somewhere specifically. I think back. So that was what led me into the wrong situation! Well, never again for that boner. And then, having searched for the root of the trouble, and having realized how I had wandered from my course, I forget the whole episode. It is finished, done with. Should anyone mention the matter I admit frankly that yes, it was my mistake. It was pretty stupid of me to have misjudged like that. But I hope to profit by the happening. Today I have new problems. I am concerned with them alone. Only, if the same opportunity to figure foolishly comes up I believe I will know better.

Maybe this all sounds too philosophical. A bit too "profound" for an actor in motion pictures. But Hollywood really is not as dizzy as it has been painted. At least, I

haven't seen it in that light. I have met the glamorous stars of this entertainment world and to me they are all men and women who have had to work out individual destinies. You have watched their fight for fame. Being here I have had a chance to observe their even more important struggle, their realization that their evolution depends on their personal growth.

When I have a little time to myself I like to mount my favorite horse and start riding toward the hills. My ranch is a half hour's drive from Hollywood, but it seems much farther. It is quiet. It's a place where I can feel completely natural once more. The business of acting is a phantom and here I am alive to the elements of living. The air is so fresh I can feel it. The sun has a warmth from which I get new energy. My dogs follow me around and their faithfulness thrills me.

I like to head for the hills that aren't far away. I can gallop for miles, and then I gradually slow down to a walk. My mind, then, wants to remember the good things that have been coming my way. I end up by speculating on how I can make more good things mine.

But yesterday, when I had been riding in just this way, I was surprised. For some strange reason I



business and had begun over again for her sake. He had become a doctor, primarily, to help her. He had gone to college, a grown man with a young wife and a baby, and somehow he had managed to earn the knowledge which meant their happiness. He had taken me into his classes with him, when I was a baby, when she was too weak to take care of me. It had been a magnificent, a noble gamble for love—and he had won. It was dark outside, but he would return safe and sound to us. I knew so. I knew that afternoon was my first great experience, too, for it taught me what love between a man and a woman can be. It imprinted in me an ideal of love which, I believe, I still have.

Then time whizzed past. I was going to high school and I had speedy roadsters and friends who were fun. Soon I was a regular college man, at Doane. Weekends I came home, of course, but a particular week-end in the spring of my sophomore year is the one that is sharply etched. I had decided I wanted to transfer West. There was a fire in the front room, because it was cool in the evenings yet. Mother and dad and I had been talking. They were always interested in everything I did.

I remember it was exactly ten o'clock that Saturday night—I chanced to glance over at the clock when I got around to my proposal—when I told them I wanted



Bob's career goes on and soon his latest picture, "Three Comrades," in which he plays with Margaret Sullavan, will be shown. A big moment for his fans.

talking. It was five minutes to midnight as I turned out the lights. I resolved that, when I could, I'd also give breaks like that. Respect the other person's inspirations and intelligence. Why, if they hadn't behaved as they did that spring night I wouldn't have come to California, and I owe my being in pictures to being scouted in a play at Pomona.

The preliminaries in Hollywood are jumbled. There was the six months of trying for a contract, when I didn't so much as have a single date. There was the coaching when I was given my probationary period. The first roles, the first lead, the first preview. It was the second morning after the preview of my first attempt at a real lead that stands out as my third greatest experience. I was called to the office of the producer of the picture. He said the preview cards had all asked who I was.

He said this was proof that the applause had been sincere. I guess I looked awfully blank; whenever I'm deeply moved I freeze on the surface! But what a moment that was! When someone who's tops tells you that you aren't off on a wild goose chase, it's an experience worth all the effort you have had to make. It's a life buoy, a solid encouragement, when you later meet more disappointments. You can chalk off the disappointments to an error and give a sigh of relief at knowing you can still deliver.

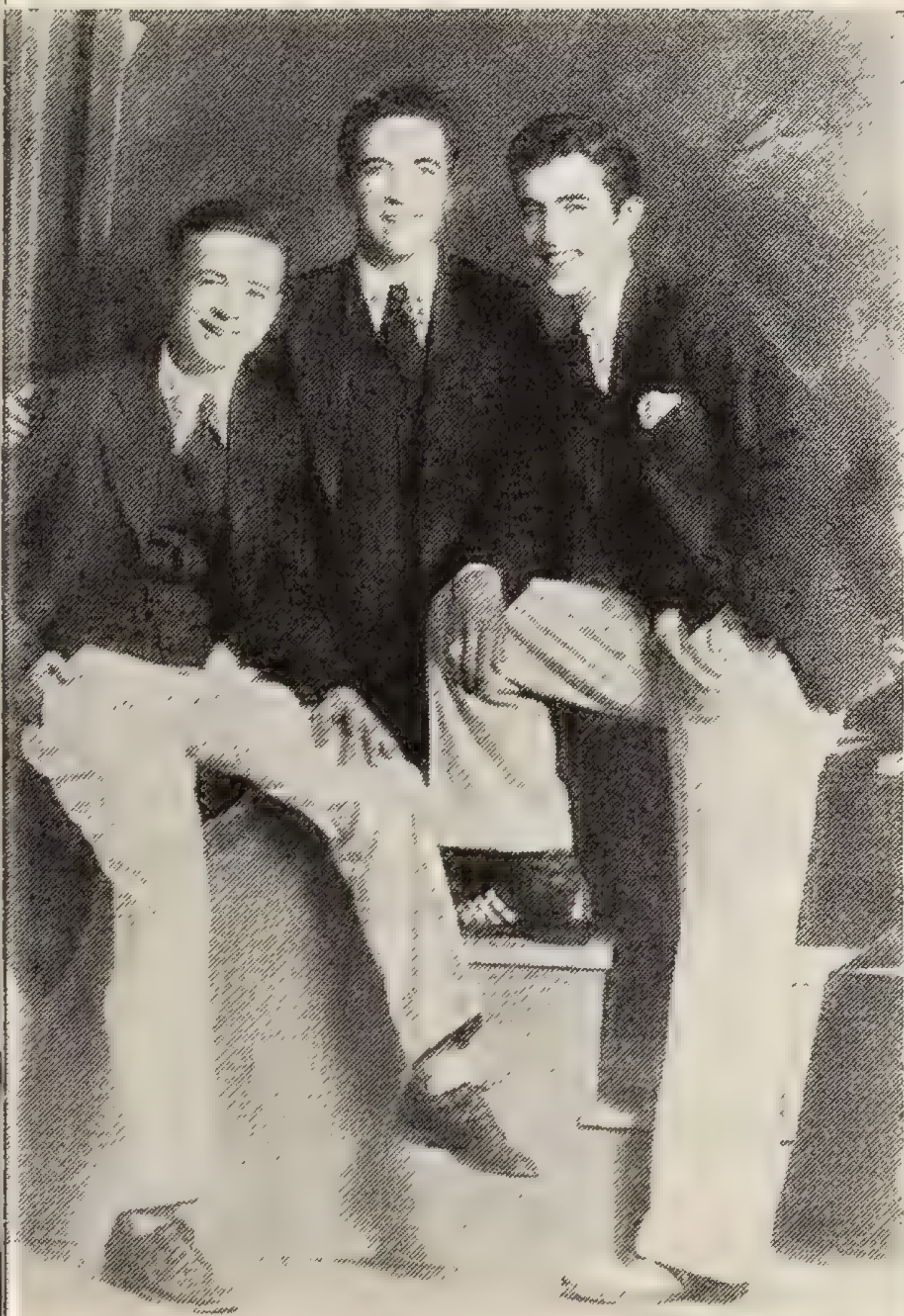
A year and a half ago I was able to return home, in some measure a success, and I would be a liar if I didn't admit, frankly, that the "home-coming" was more of a highspot than even playing opposite Garbo. After all, it is these personal, human things

which affect us the most, and I'm just small-town enough to get a huge wallop out of going back to see all my old friends, and going in the fashion I'd never dared dream about. I was up at six, for a full day's work opposite Garbo, I remember. Then the rush to the airport at Burbank. There weren't any sleepers, so I dozed off and on all night. Then in the morning, when we landed in Lincoln, there was that crowd. We caravanned by automobiles to Beatrice. The precise moment which looms is that one when I saw the sign saying "Beatrice—City Limits." Everyone seemed so glad for me to be back, honestly so. And was I bowled over at such evidence of my luck! Kind words, recognition—they're swell, but never so grand as when expressed by the people you grew

up with. Then a fellow knows he has to buckle down, that there are folks who do give a hoot whether—whether he's a man or a mouse!

Since then I have had one more great experience.

It is knowing Barbara Stanwyck.



to leave Doane and go to California, to Pomona College. I had a bent for music and Professor Gray was switching to Pomona. They said certainly I could make the change if I wished. There was no disapproval of my plan nor argument against it. They treated me as though I had plenty of common sense. Believe me, I appreciated that respect they displayed, that trust. I had taken their understanding and devotion matter-of-factly until then, I'm afraid. When they agreed I was to choose as I thought best, even though I had counted on them saying yes, I saw like a flash how lucky I was. I recalled how few others had parents as considerate. Funny, but I can remember looking at the clock when we'd finished



(Above, left) With two of his Pomona College pals. (Above) The smiling Bob as he landed in Nebraska.



(Top row) Gertrude Niesen and Frank Shields surprised at something. Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, admire the photographs in the celebrity room at El Morocco. (Second row) Bob Benchley, wit, has something to say to Helen Hayes' husband, Charles MacArthur, writer. Mrs. Gary Cooper whispers something private to her famous husband. (Above) Lovely Merle Oberon with socialite Stuart Scheftel.

SWATHED in a blue veil which was caught to her hair by a diamond clip, Gary Cooper's wife entered El Morocco with a party of friends and was immediately the center of all eyes. She dresses unusually, not with chic but with a whimsical quality which is highly effective. I had seen her a few nights before with a nonsense on her head that looked like a little fountain of glass rain drops. This particular evening her handsome husband joined her. He has the shyest way

Flash

By Jerome Zerbe

of entering a room, as if almost in apology for coming in, but in those eyes there is quick humor and intelligence. He is one of those men in whose mind all the lights are always kept burning. When they got up to dance together I went in hot pursuit. Photos of dancing couples taken unawares are rarely successful as one face is almost always sacrificed. Mrs. Cooper was whispering to her husband when I took a snap and they both jumped. "What a brilliant flash!" they laughed, but in my mind I wondered if I hadn't startled them in the middle of some personal story.

Zorina, the new Goldwyn star, is an easier dancing subject, as, in a waltz, she keeps a distance from her partner. A little like the English, of whom it has been said that no matter with whom they are dancing they always dance a solo. Zorina loves New York night life and is seen regularly dancing at all the fashionable spots with either Eddie Edelson, the play broker, or Orson



shots

His Candid Camera Keeps Zerbe Awake Till The Sun Rises And All The Stars Go Home.

Wells, the season's acting sensation, as her partner.

Gloria Swanson has come to New York to make her permanent home, and her large place in Beverly Hills is dismantled and for rent. Her apartment here is in a building with windows facing on Central Park. The day I first went to see her she had only just moved in and many things hadn't arrived yet. She was sitting on a plain pine table, that temporarily served in the dining room, and surveying the quantities of freshly unpacked objects that lay everywhere around at her feet. Crystal scones, ash trays, piles of beautiful china all waiting to be assigned to their proper niche. From there we went into the library where a magnificent seventeenth century map of Paris was only partly put up. Gloria is as excited as a child with a new doll about moving east and rediscovering old friends



and meeting many interesting new ones.

That night I saw her out at dinner with Lucius Beebe, America's best dressed, and certainly most charming columnist, Fredric and Florence March and producer Alfred de Liagre, Jr. They all discussed the theatre and summer stock companies. Strange the hold that the theatre has for those who have had great success in the movies. Sylvia Sidney, Frances Farmer, Wallace Ford and Elissa Landi all came to Broadway this past season. [Continued on page 66]

(Top row) At a cocktail party, Jon Hall, Mary Brian and Mrs. Sperber drift off into a corner. Gloria Swanson sat on a temporary dining room table the day she moved into her New York apartment. The Allan Jones' reading their interviews. (Second row) Zorina, does a mean waltz with Edward Edelson. Beth Leary, Irene Dunne and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (Above) Lucius Beebe, Gloria Swanson, Fredric and Florence March and Producer Alfred de Liagre, Jr.

IT IS high time that somebody filled with high resolve, and a dram of brandy, ended, for all time, the innumerable sob-stories that have been written around "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor." I have read, in my time, no less than fifty such stories, and, in the passage of years, it has become a legend that the cutting rooms of Hollywood are the closest things to the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition. In these cutting rooms, they would have you believe, career after career has been snipped in the bud by hawk-faced movie executives, who have ordered the cutters to snip out any scene in which an ambitious youngster attracts attention.

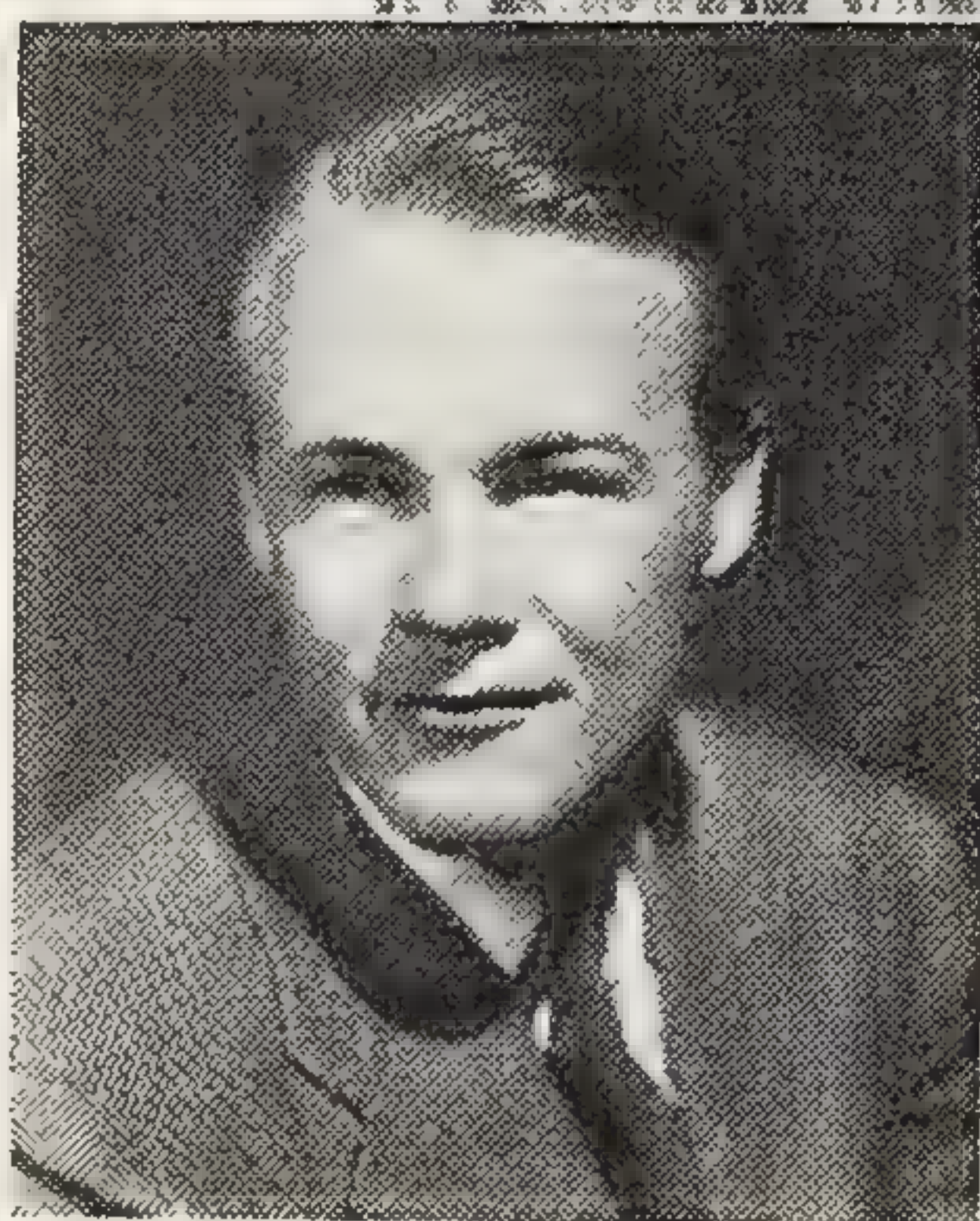
Nobody ever has thought to ask the writers of these stories "Why?" Nobody ever has been logical enough to refute the "Face on the Cutting Room Floor" legend by pointing out that Andrea Leeds, Wayne Morris, James Stewart, Phyllis Kennedy, Jane Bryan, Joy Hodges, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Bob Hope, Frank Jenks, Florence Rice and Marjorie Weaver are just a few of the youngsters who have passed through the cutting room and come out intact pointed for stardom. If the stories about the fiendish activities of the cutting room specialists were true, why weren't these left as faces on the cutting room floor?

Authors of repute, who should know better, have twisted the facts out of all proportion in order to write tear-jerking stories of the injustices worked in the Hollywood cutting rooms. Now I've been in Hollywood for seven months, and, in browsing around, I've sat in with Darryl Zanuck and other biggies while they cut pictures, and I can tell you truthfully that "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor" is the silliest libel ever perpetrated at the expense of a much-maligned town. I'm writing this story in the hope that it will put an end to the nonsense and twaddle which we have been reading for years.

Let us start at the beginning, as the cat said who swallowed the ball of twine. Make believe that you are stepping into the cutting room at Warner's, with Director Michael Curtiz, who has just completed "Adventures of Robin Hood." In the cans stacked in the projection room are thousands of feet of developed film. Curtiz must trim that acreage of film down to 10,000 feet, and even at that length, the completed film will run two hours, which is unusually long. So Curtiz, as a starter, must cut thousands of feet of film. When you get that thought in your mind, you understand the rot that has been written about "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor." It is inevitable that in cutting out so many feet of film, a lot of faces will be scissored out of a picture but keep this in mind: most of the faces cut out will be the faces of STARS, not extra players. In "Adventures of Robin Hood," of the great amount of negative exposed, the largest percentage consisted of closeups, medium shots and long shots of the star, Errol Flynn. What the scissors did to him was a caution.

The problem of a cutting room is to cut down a picture to playing length. Producers and directors are just as reluctant to cut scenes and people out of a picture as a writer is to shorten his article, or a speaker is to abbreviate his speech. It just naturally goes against the grain. Zanuck cut one scene from "In Old Chicago" that cost \$75,000 to shoot, but he had to do it. The picture was too long. Theatre managers don't want long pictures as the principle of theatre business is to empty a theatre and get a turnover as quickly as possible.

Inevitably, there must be



heartaches resulting from a cutting room. Performers' vanities are hurt if their parts are shortened. But I will bet anybody that no performer ever has been damaged professionally in the cutting room. For this reason: If an actor or actress catches attention in the cutting room, even though he or she was sheared out of the film, the producer would mark him or her down immediately for future reference. So the performer would not have lost his big chance, but rather gained what he or she was after. And you'd be surprised how alert they are, in this town, to any unusual talent or quality on the screen. If a performer registers just once, he's in.

The point I'm making is that because of the manner in which a picture is made, with the cameras resting mainly on the stars, it is the star, not the bit player, who most often feels the cutting room scissors. A bit player, by the very nature of his position in the cast, is not often photographed and generally, if the camera is trained on him, it is because the story calls for it. The minute a player is photographed in a sequence that advances the plot, he is safe from the scissors. They'll cut everything but STORY in the final trim.

To go back to "Adventures of Robin Hood," when they started to trim this exciting film down to the playing length of 10,000 feet, the scissors snipped most sharply at the classic profile of Errol Flynn, because as the star he appeared in the bulk of the footage. The one who next felt the brunt of the scissors was Olivia De Havilland, who shared with Flynn the bulk of the close-ups and medium shots. Bit players, employed in scenes that advance the action of the story, never are cut up as the stars are. Of the high percentage of negative exposed to record Flynn, about 7,000 feet will appear in the completed picture.

John Miljan is one of the few players who can truthfully say that he was completely cut out of a picture, and left to give his performance in the cutting room. That was in "Of Human Hearts." The battle scenes had to be shortened and Miljan appeared only in those scenes. He had worked for two weeks, received his salary and the studio was burned up because they could not use the battle sequences. Just as the editor of this magazine would be burned up, if he paid for a story, and then found that because of limitations of space, he could not use it. Juggler Stan Kavanaugh comes closest to Miljan. In "The Big Broadcast," the one in which Jack Benny appeared, Kavanaugh did a juggling sequence with Gracie Allen. When the picture



(Left) John Miljan is one player who can't laugh at the cutting room guillotine. He was cut out of one picture entirely. (Above) Ray Bolger did a clever dance for "Rosalie" but no eye will ever see it!



THE FACE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR



The Sob Sisters Have Worked One Legend To Death. It's The Myth Of The Film Cutters Who Ruthlessly Snip Careers In The Bud.

By
Ed Sullivan

The cutting room didn't stop Wayne Morris, Jane Bryan and Marjorie Weaver. (Above) Errol Flynn gets slashed—but he can take it. (Below) James Stewart—climbing fast.

was trimmed down, Kavanaugh was cut down to one entrance and one exit. But he wasn't as burned up at the scissoring as Gracie, who believed that the juggling novelty would have been a smash hit for her. The only reminder of Kavanaugh in the picture was a scene in which his juggling sticks appeared in a long-shot.

Dancing star

Ray Bolger has suffered more from the cutting room scissors than any unknown player. In "Rosalie," a complete Bolger dance routine was eliminated, in the scene in which he is sitting on the powder keg. In "Girl of the Golden West," his dance routine in the Polka Salon was cut out, because of footage problems.

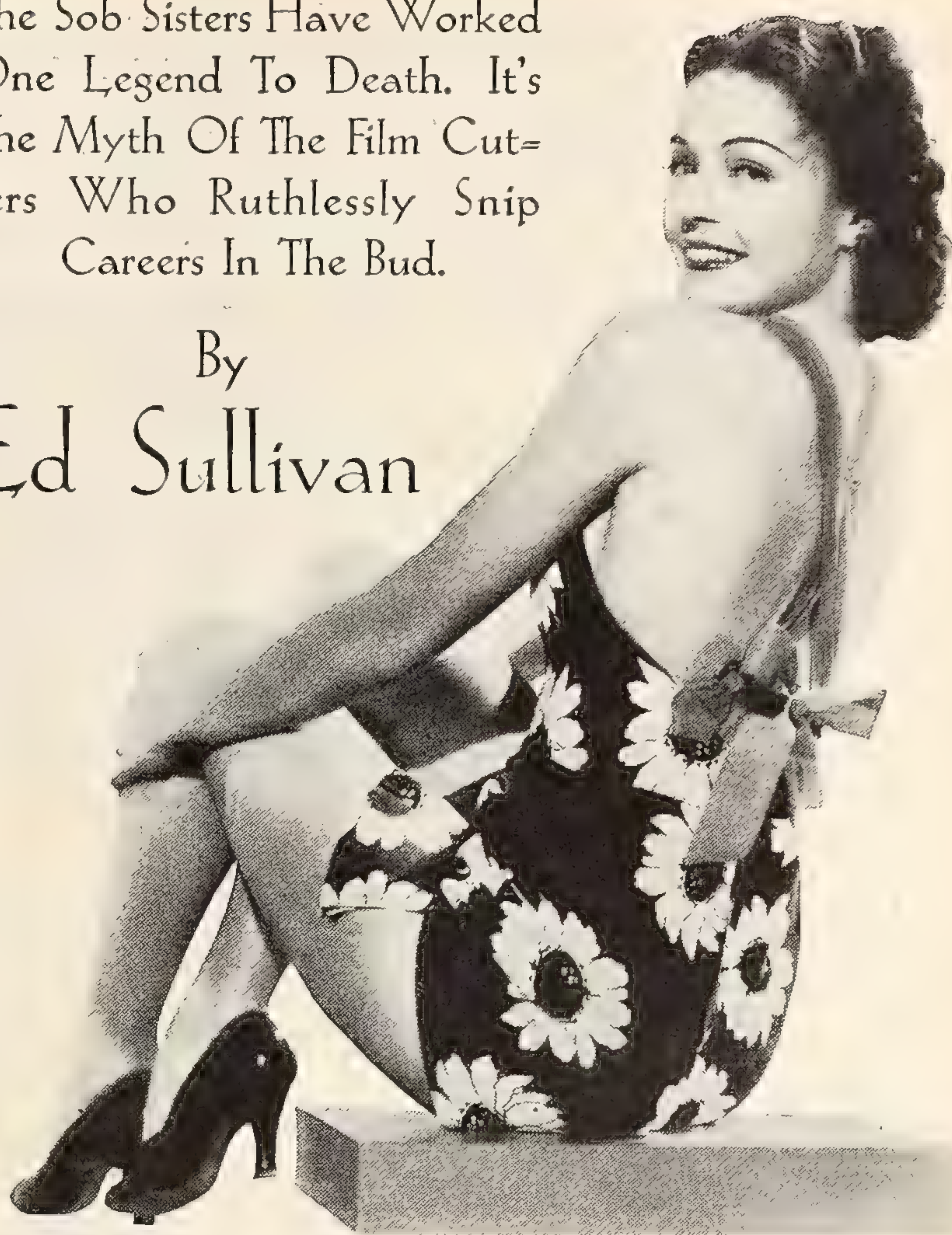
Any dancer or specialty performer is vulnerable to cutting, as, when they start to trim a picture, anything not bearing directly on the story goes out first. If a bit player has two lines which help tell the story, he is a lot safer from cutting than the star of the piece who is in a scene that is colorful, but without story-plot. The two lines will be retained, but the star's static scene will be trimmed out.

In "The Great Ziegfeld," Harriet Hctor's ballet dance with two lions, which the studio believed would be sensational, was cut out because the film was acres of reels too long. Her dance with the ponies was retained. In "Conquest," the family dinner at Elba was eliminated, because it could be removed without altering the story. In "Night Must Fall," the prologue-opening showing the hotel and events leading up to the murder were completely eliminated. The picture instead started with Robert Montgomery hiding the remains of his victim. It saved 800 feet, and the saving in footage was vital.

In "One In a Million," Darryl Zanuck reluctantly scissored one big musical sequence with Sonja Henie and the Ritz Brothers. The sequence was staged in a barn, filled with cows, chickens, ducks and horses. Sonja did a folk dance and the Ritz Brothers burlesqued a ballet dance, and it was loaded with laughs. It had to be cut, and it didn't matter that Miss Henie and the Ritz Brothers were in it, for out it came.

In Walter Wanger's "Vogues," they cut the scene where Warner Baxter bids au revoir to Alma Kruger. It was a question whether to cut this scene or a big musical number, and the musical number, filmed in color, was too beautiful to ignore. It mattered not that Baxter is a star; he was scissored. In "House of Rothschild," a mob scene was cut out in favor of a closeup showing an aged woman being trampled to death. Not that Director Alfred Werker had any grudge against the hundreds of extras in the mob scene, but simply because the agony expressed by the aged woman was more powerful.

Now you can believe me that when a studio ever cuts out a mob scene, the waste of good money cuts the studio auditors to the [Continued on page 62]



Lovely Andrea Leeds has had few chances, but has qualified each time.

THE
ROOM FLOOR

Serials And Pictures In Series Are Pulling In The Cash Customers. Once You Start You're Caught For The Season.

By
Maud Cheatham

SERIALS, and pictures in series, are being spotlighted on the screen as never before.

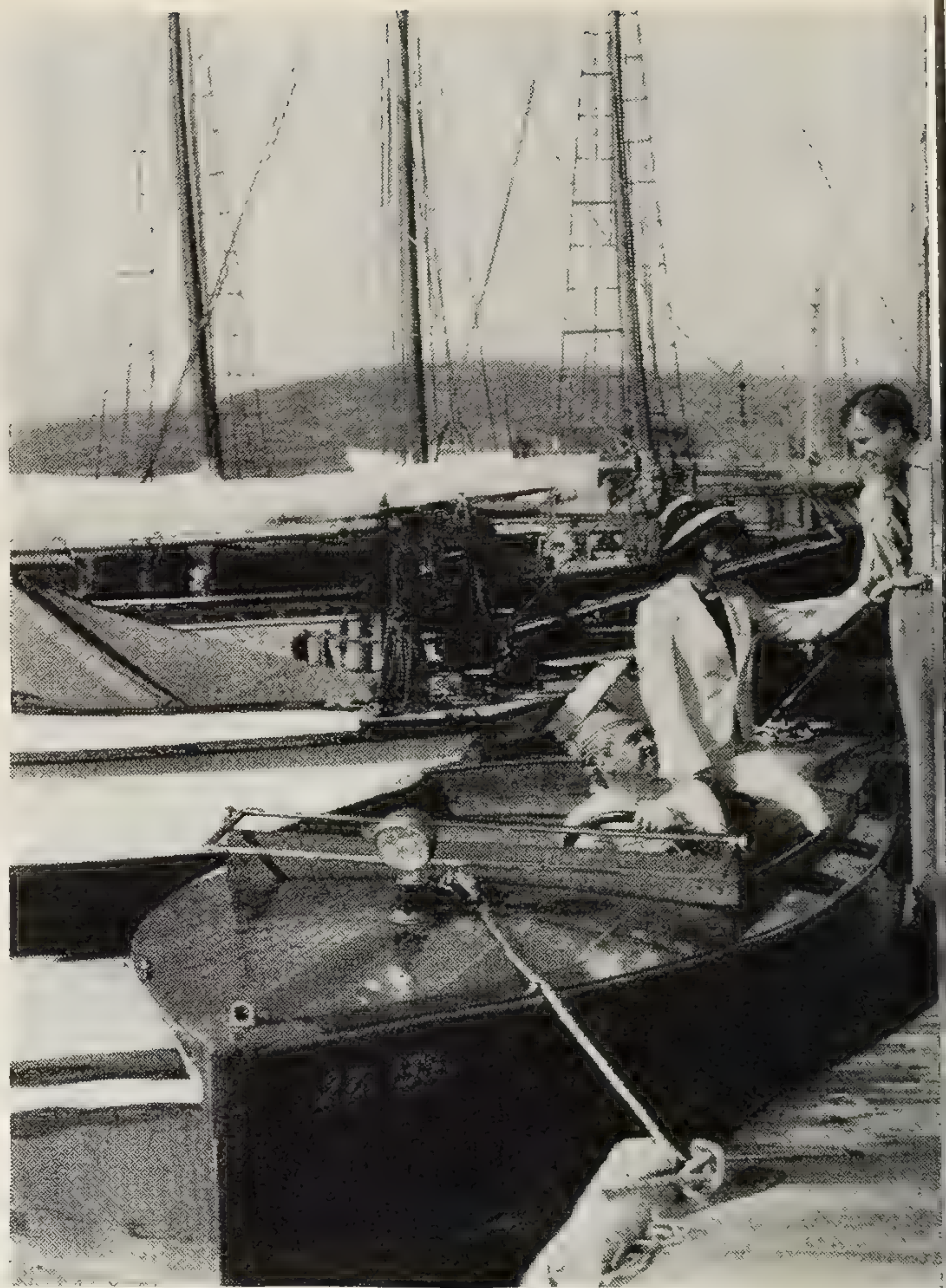
With each installment packed with mystery and suspense, serials have always been popular entertainment and the intriguing "Continued in our next" never fails as a teaser in building enthusiastic audiences. Action serials were among the most successful of the early motion pictures, then, with the coming of the talkies, there was a brief slump, but today, with the advantage of sound to speed up thrills and add audible shudders to menace, these productions are taking on new importance. Perhaps, it was the radio's sensational success with serials that convinced the studios they might be missing a good bet for now, it is estimated, there are twelve serials, each with fifteen episodes, being made annually in Hollywood.

Chapter-pictures like Republic's "The Lone Ranger" and "Dick Tracy Returns," and Columbia's "The Secret of Treasure Island" are steady money-makers, bringing joy to both producer and exhibitor as audiences crowd into theatres week after week to follow the stalwart hero's exciting adventures. Also, the several groups of pictures in series, which carry the same cast through many episodes, but round out a completed drama in each one, such as the Twentieth Century-Fox famous "Charlie Chan," "Jones Family" and "Mr. Moto," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new venture with "Judge Hardy's Family" and Republic's "The Three Mesquiteers," bring in a steady stream of shekels that does much toward keeping the studio home fires burning while it gambles with colossal million dollar spectacles.

These serial adventure films, and the warm, human interest dramas are far less costly than the Grade A pictures and while they may not always hit the Metropolitan cinema palaces, they certainly find a hearty welcome in thousands of theatres throughout the world. The real wonder is that studios do not concentrate more actively in these fields and cut down on the superspecials.

Republic scored a triumph when they secured the rights to make a screen version of the radio serial "The Lone Ranger," which for four years has been pouring the thrilling

"The Secret Of Treasure Island" with Gwen Gaze, Don Terry and William Farnum. Watch yourself, Don!



CONTINUED



"Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars" with Beatrice Roberts, Larry (Buster) Crabbe and Charles Middleton. Scientific! (Above) Good old Charlie Chan in Monte Carlo. Warner Oland explains what a meal ticket is. He should know!

adventures of the masked rider through the nation's loudspeakers to an estimated audience of seventeen million listeners. This provides a ready-made screen audience of huge proportions for it is reasonable to suppose that every radio fan will hasten to the neighborhood movie theatre to see the Masked Rider, the beautiful white stallion, Silver, the friendly Indian Chief, and the collection of gallant Texas Rangers and villainous outlaws in action before their eyes. No other picture ever enjoyed such a build-up. It will profit, too, from the largest juvenile fan club ever organized, numbering over a million

and a half of Lone Ranger radio fans who will become boosters for the screen version.

This is the most expensive and elaborate Western serial ever produced. The studio writers conferred with Fran Striker, author and originator of the air program and have carried out in the



picture, the theme and thrills of the radio show. The hero remains masked until the final scenes in the fifteenth chapter, consequently the actor's name is kept a secret. This much is known, however. He is the son of a wealthy banker in Long Beach, California, and was studying mining engineering at a Colorado College when his singing attracted the attention of a visiting orchestra leader, who immediately put him under contract and

planes which are so popular.

Making action serials is dangerous work for the actors actually run many risks in obtaining realism, and in this Western, there is no drinking or smoking, and the hero wins through physical force rather than with six-shooter, and he is kept manly, upright and honest through all his tribulations.

"The Jones Family" seems to grow closer and closer until you feel they belong to you or you to them.

About a year ago, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a little picture, "A Family Affair," based on characters and incidents in a play entitled, "Skidding" by Aurania Rouverol, and from the moment that Leo roared his approval as it flashed on the screen, letters began pouring in begging for further adventures of this typical American family. So, the "Judge Hardy Family" series began. With Lewis Stone as *Judge Hardy*, and Mickey Rooney, bringing [Continued on page 67]

NEXT WEEK

brought him to Hollywood. He appeared in several Little Theatre stage plays, then, because of his remarkable voice, splendid physique, and his ability to ride like the wind, he was given the starring role in "The Lone Ranger." I'm told he is very handsome and, when he finally lifts his mask, he's destined to become one of the screen's real Heart-throbs.

William Farnum, once the romantic lover of stage and screen, plays the kindly priest, *Father McKim*, and Frank Glynn appears briefly as Lincoln. Tonto is played by a real Cherokee Indian Chief, Thunder-Cloud, who was chosen by the Santa Fe Railroad as the typical American Indian and is used as their emblem. Also, the Trans-Western Airways adopted his profile as emblem for their Sky-Chief transport



"The Lone Ranger" gallops across Texas once a week and still nobody knows who he is. Here's the posse in hot pursuit.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney returned to Hollywood recently, after a fling at the New York stage, a columnist who doesn't like Sylvia wrote in her column: "Sylvia Sidney arrived in town today without causing a ripple."

The same could be said of Jane Withers' arrival in Hollywood, early in the morning of March 10, 1932. Jane, then not quite six, was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Walter Withers of Atlanta, Georgia, who in turn was accompanied by two books full of press clippings and a whole slue of "letters of introduction" to studio officials.

There were no bands at the Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles when Jane and her mother rather timidly climbed down from the Sunset Limited, no banners, no hand-shaking press agents, no questioning newspaper men, no photographers with flashing bulbs. Colossal Hollywood was colossally unimpressed by Jane's arrival—which, like Sylvia Sidney's, hadn't caused a ripple.

"We'll have breakfast here at the station," Mrs. Withers told little Jane, "and then we'll ride out to Hollywood where we'll rent a small apartment, and then the rest of the day we will call on these people we have letters to at the studios. Maybe we can have lunch at the Brown Derby and you can see Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Ronald Colman."

Jane and her mother, accustomed to the rather cozy southern city of Atlanta, were amazed at the vast distance between Los Angeles and Hollywood, and Hollywood and the studios; they were amazed by the high rents, the low fogs, and the open markets; but most of all they were amazed to discover that all the studio officials to whom they had "letters of introduction" from the theatre managers and radio directors back in Atlanta were "out of town."

After taking dreary buses from Hollywood to Culver City to Burbank to Universal City to Hollywood, after being told for the fifth time by dignified secretaries, who looked like Joan Crawford, that Mr. So-and-So was "out of town," Mrs. Withers and Jane returned wearily to their inexpensive little apartment. It was a day they would long remember.

As a matter of fact they have never forgotten it. Every March 10th Jane and her mother drive down to the depot in Los Angeles, eat their breakfast in the station dining room, and proceed to do over again everything they did that first day. They visit that first cheap apartment, the Five-and-Ten where they bought wash cloths, the cafeteria where they lunched, and all the studios that gave them the freezing out treatment. March 10th is an anniversary with Jane and her mother. And it is also one of the things that makes them keep their feet firmly on the ground. No Withers has ever been accused of "going Hollywood."

America's Number One juvenile character actress, who, at the age of eleven, has won her place as sixth ranking box-office star in Hollywood, was born at 1429 Gordon Street, S.W., Atlanta, Georgia, on April 12, 1926. She celebrated her twelfth birthday recently by becoming a full-fledged Girl Scout. She is the daughter of Walter Withers, former manager of the Goodrich company in Atlanta, and Ruth Elble Withers of Louisville, Kentucky. She has a grandmother living in Louisville, and another living in Atlanta.

Jane's career was decided for her long

before she was born. Ruth Withers had always wanted to be an actress, ever since she could remember, but little ladies in Louisville didn't become actresses, her parents informed her, and they duly thwarted her every attempt to appear on a stage. "If I ever have a baby," said Ruth, "I'll see to it that she has a theatrical career, so help me."

When little Jane was born she was given the name "Jane" by her mother because it sounded like a good stage name and was brief enough to fit a marquee. That's thinking ahead. Jane was educated in private professional schools, then Boston Academy in Atlanta, which she attended from the age of two and a half years, and later the Lawler Professional School in Hollywood. She took ballet, tap and character dancing at the Academy in Atlanta, was the pride and joy of her class, and won nearly all the "amateur night" prizes given in and around the Southern city.

She was hardly out of her cradle before her mother noticed that she had an ear for music; and at three she had mastered the song "Little Pal" and sang it with such effect at the Ponce de Leon theatre in Atlanta that she brought down the house.

The first motion picture she saw was Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay in "Business and Pleasure" and when she came home that afternoon she floored her family and the neighbors by her impersonation of Fifi singing "You're Simply Delish." She did the impersonation the following week over her regular broadcast from station WGST, and the station received six hundred letters requesting more impersonations. For two years little Jane attended a movie a week and impersonated the star of the picture over the air. Atlanta went mad over Baby Jane. Station WGST advertised her as "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop" and "Atlanta's Sweetheart." She was elected mascot for the Georgia Tech football team in 1931 and appeared at the Saturday afternoon games in a yellow and white Tech



Jane rehearsing a dance routine.



She calls the pup "Susy Q" because of its wriggles. (Right) Between scenes Mrs. Withers plays games with Jane in her dressing room.



PROJECTION OF JANE WITHERS

By Elizabeth Wilson



The exercising bicycle is popular with Jane—she likes action.

sweater and cap, a gift from the boys. When she sang, "I'm a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech" between the halves she wowed 'em.

When she was five people began to say, "Mrs. Withers, you ought to take Jane to Hollywood. With her talents and personality she'll be a hit in pictures." Secretly, Mrs. Withers thought so too. In fact she was so convinced that Hollywood would snatch at Jane like a drowning man at a straw that she refused to buy a round trip ticket when Mr. Withers finally gave his consent. "Six months," said Mr. Withers, "and if Jane hasn't clicked by then I think you'd better come back. After all, our home is in Atlanta, my job is here, and all your friends live here." Six months, thought Mrs. Withers, when they read these letters and see Jane they'll sign her to a contract the first day!

Six months—it was two and a half years before "Atlanta's Sweetheart" got a break. They were long, weary lonely years to Mrs. Withers. She missed her friends. And the cordial, genial Southern folk she had always known. In all the days she had spent sitting in casting offices waiting, waiting, waiting, only one person had taken the trouble to speak a kind word to her. "I'm Mrs. Johnson," a woman said to her one day, very friendly-like, "and I think your little Jane is one of the brightest, most talented little children I've ever seen. Don't get discouraged. She'll be discovered one of these days." Mrs. Wynonah Johnson, Mrs. Withers learned later, was the mother of nine, all trying to make a go of it in pictures. Today you will rarely see a Jane Withers picture without one or more little Johnsons in it. A Withers never forgets.

Between the daily, and vain, visits to the studios Jane did a little act with "Prince," a St. Bernard dog, at the children's matinees of neighborhood theatres. She modeled children's dresses at various department stores and fashionable hotel and club teas. She appeared at benefits for the convalescent patients at Pottinger Sanitarium, the Old Soldiers Home, the annual newsboys Christmas party, in fact she appeared in more benefits than she or her mother can remember, in the hope that somebody would recognize [Continued on page 63]



(Top) The imp herself. She is so well liked that hers is one of the biggest box-office names. (Above) With her father and one of her many pets.



The stars, Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll, resume their journey with Leo Carrillo driving his 60 h.p. span. It's all in the picture. (Below, center) The flock is enchanted as Leo pipes a shepherd's madrigal.

NATURE has come to the aid of Walter Wanger in producing a picture showing the reason why a world of beauty one day can be turned into a shambles the next, and this time it has not been the warm California sunshine but rather the torrential California rain that has been the movie-maker's helpmate.

Several days ago Director William Dieterle brought three actors and a technical crew of 68 men and three women to Brent's Crag, some 35 miles from the base of operations—the United Artists studios—to make scenes for "The Adventuress," depicting the pastoral beauty and the peacefulness of the rolling hills all bright green with early grain fields looking like an inland lake, as gentle winds from the sea blew rows of wheat to and fro. Following several days of light showers the hills were framed by beautiful puffy clouds in the sky and budding trees; and two hundred sheep brought in by truck from Calabassas, ten miles away grazed and grew fat at Mr. Wanger's expense as the cameraman ground off a mile of film recording the rare beauty of it all—a Mauve painting come to life.

The second trip to the location was to make brief scenes showing the same terrain as a battlefield, the farmers piling sand bags along the river's edge as protection for their defensive gunfire, the formerly quiet hills teeming with the excitement of families fleeing from their homes, tiny children trudging along, sobbing as they tugged at mothers' skirts.

Overnight a rainfall of over 11 inches had turned a lazy, six foot stream into a raging mountain torrent ten times its normal width, and hurrying waters had gouged out deep ravines and upturned trees, flooded grain fields and helped studio experts

create a battlefield of intensely dramatic appearance.

But let "The Adventuress" (the plot of which concerns Spain today) tell its own story on the screen. Our visit to location was to obtain some of the color of off-stage picture making that SILVER SCREEN readers cannot well visualize but are eager to learn more about.

The miracles movie-makers perform are never more interestingly created than on location. Yesterday this Brent's Crag location was a portion of Joe Hunter's beautiful rancho, once a part of the huge land grant of the Sepulveda family, a gift from a Spanish king, the scene of a few minor skirmishes between early settlers and Mexicans and, during the last 75 years, a very productive grain and orchard country. But, for the most part it could be seen from the Los Angeles-San Francisco highway and seldom won more than a fleeting glance from a whizzing motor or motor bus passenger.

While the powder man went about his task with enough dynamite to blow up a building in his knapsack electricians pulled a huge generator set into a camouflaged shelter, ran heavy inch cables through fields and around trees to the camera "dolly," and others levelled off the road so that the camera would not bump up and down as it was pulled backwards as actors marched from the river bottom up the edge of the knoll and into the foreground.

Once before the same men had done pretty much the same thing to photograph two lumbering oxen (brought from old Mexico because none could be had in Hollywood) pulling Madeleine Carroll's damaged car along the road with Leo Carrillo driving from a fender seat and Henry Fonda at the steering wheel pouring out his philosophy of life to the delight of his fair accident victim.

But, as we said before, today the Spanish civil war had come to California and the peaceful Hunter rancho was an exciting

"The Adventuress" Troupe,
Filming A Story Of Civil War
In Spain, Found A Bit Of
Local Color In California.

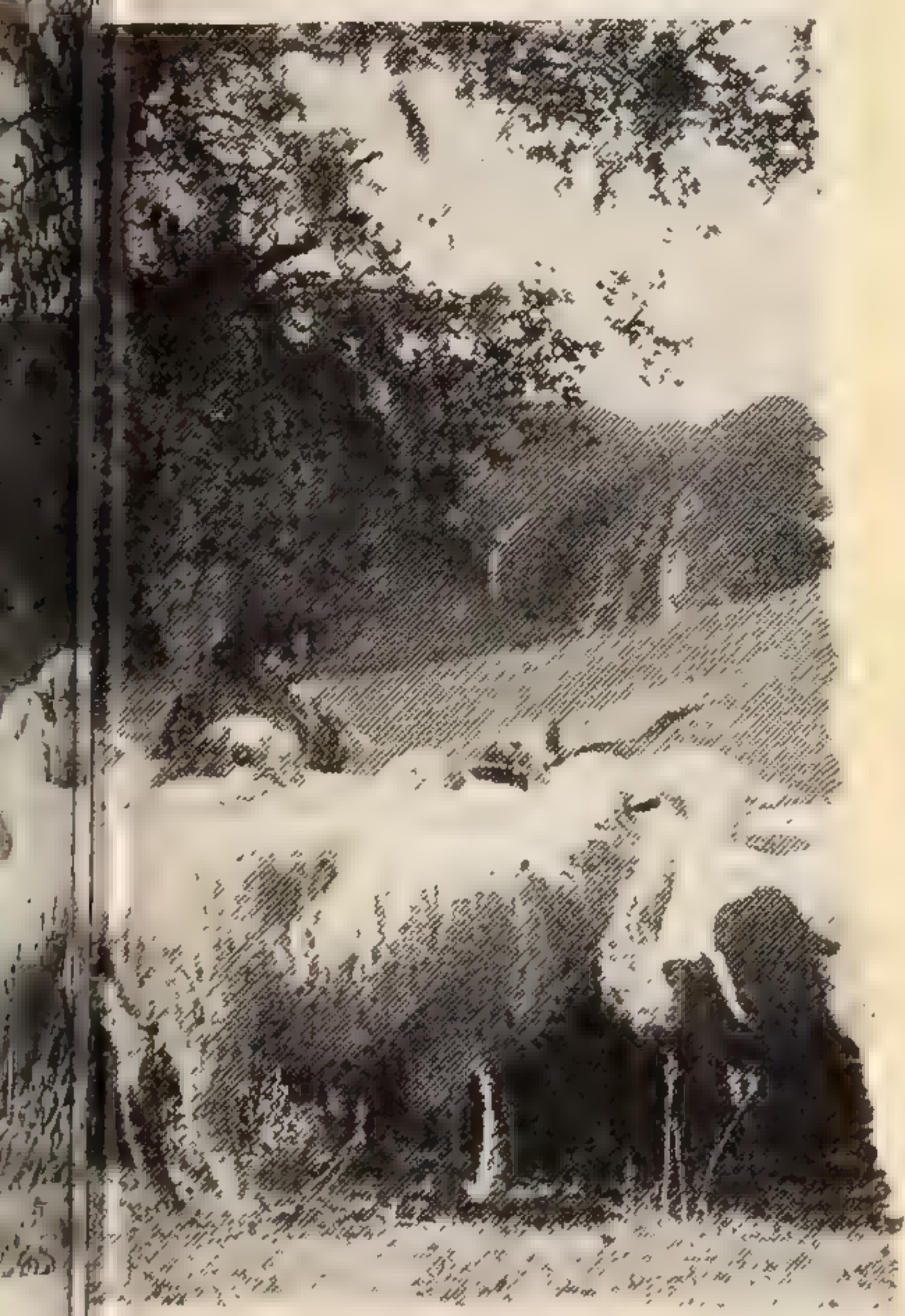
IN QUEST

place indeed. Making
down the nearby bank
of a battlefield, and
over the location several
motors were not syn-
microphone and pro-
the sound man to o-
film companies requir-
plane tourists are the

"Making love to Mr.
Fonda remarked after
by airplane noises, "but
nothings into her ear
that exhaust noise. W
aircraft guns on locati-
An opinion Director D

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scenes after. At four in
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their labors. At seven P
Dan Keefe and Mr. A
sistant, Charles Kerr, w
at eight Dieterle, the n
dresser, Ali Hubert, the
and Cameraman Rud-
three assistants were "o

Miss Carroll, Fonda,
extras, a dozen varietie
ranging from six year
60 year old grandpare
and awaiting the first
broke his straps waiti-
to pull his cart-load
furniture across a brid-
for a scene, causing
expensive delay. The St.
Welfare worker took f
school age pupils to
quiet spot under a h
live oak tree to get a h
start on the day's less
in the three R's and M
Carroll's maid helped
prepare for the scen



was washed away by the
lines" to Miss Carroll's
sprayed his military Russ
water while Fonda, reciti
mud into his coat and
muddy water just before

Carrillo, with a flute
was showing the effects o
Santa Monica canyon he
helping his staff of servan
waters from his house and gar

TO F AT

mart

15.

By
Mark Dowling

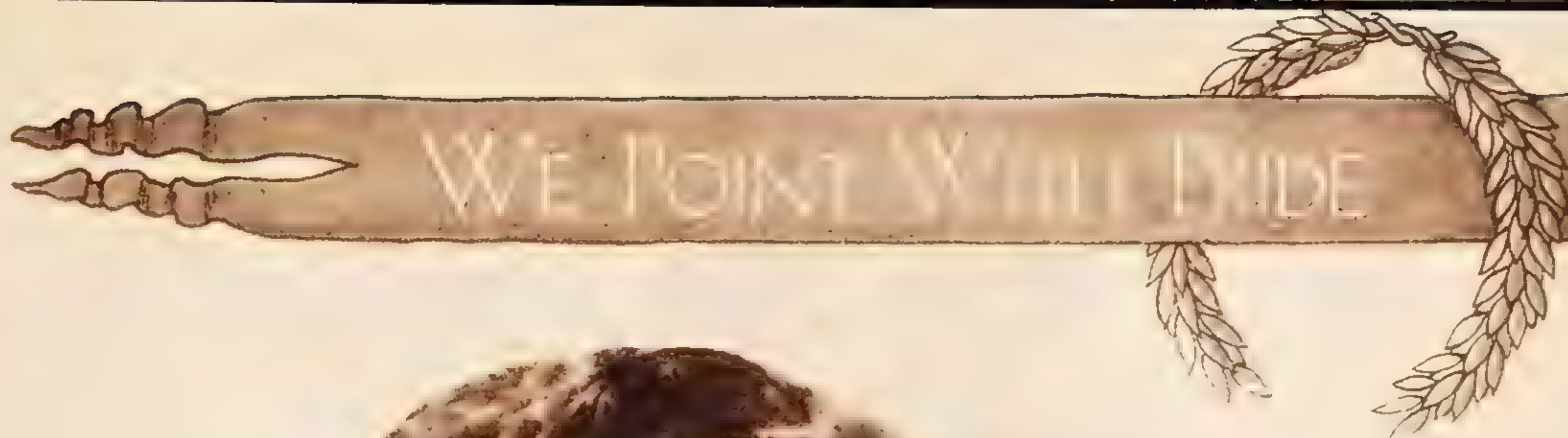
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ny hostesses, hoping
rrange a congenial
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ousies and feuds. Even
g the intelligentsia,
erry Kelly and Milo
or a time did not even

rite Western stars would be
e Autry, Kermit Maynard—
far from harmonious, and
of words.
clined is the mob psychology
o you must include at least
notoriously clique-conscious.
w set, which includes Jerry
nd Barbara Stanwick, Francis
hout [Continued on page 68]



TO DICK POWELL

He's A Born Entertainer And Is As Much
At Home Before The Mike As Before A
Camera. Yet, In All
Hollywood, He Is
The Least Conceited.

MOUNT VIEW, Arkansas, did all right when on November 14, 1904, it sponsored an infant's opening chorus. There must have been a certain quality in that voice for it has now been heard and liked the world over.

Dick is six feet tall and broke into pictures by way of the sound track. Every picture he is in reflects his own sparkling personality.

Some critics do not like him in some of his roles and Dick agrees with them. He really believes that fans may tire of hearing him sing. We hasten to reassure him that we enjoy his voice. That's what he's there for, and our gang numbers eleven million fans.

(Top) Dick and Madeleine Carroll in "On the Avenue." Next, reading down, with Doris Weston in "The Singing Marine." A scene from "Hollywood Hotel." (Above) Dick's latest picture, "Cowboy From Brooklyn," with Pat O'Brien and Priscilla Lane. (Right) Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) of Beverly Hills.





Girls Are What
Hollywood Deals In
And This Season The
Type Has Changed.



(Top) Constance Moore. Watch for her in "Stat Police." (Above) Ar Miller, an RKO dancing "find."



(Top) Frances Gifford, who is in "Having Wonderful Time." The chorine above is Ethelreda Leopold as she appears in "Gold Diggers of 1938." (Above, right) Alexandria Dean, a Fox hopeful, and below her is Peggy Moran, who will be seen in "Little Lady Luck."

NEW STYLE GIRLS

Where Are The Blondes?



(Above) Lana Turner, who recently appeared in "Adventures of Marco Polo." (Below) Arleen Whelan plays opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped."



(Top, left) Olympe Bradna. Her lovely face has become familiar to you this year, no doubt. (Above, left) There's mischief in Ann Rutherford's eyes. (Left) Lois Lindsey and Lorraine Grey also dance in "Gold Diggers."

THE girl of the year is dark—a brunette. Her mouth is small, her eyes are dark and far apart. Her hair, which is arranged in soft curls, frames the oval of her face as her fur collar did last winter. There are no languorous half-closed eyes nor hairline eyebrows. Miss 1938 looks straight through you till she finds your heart.

IN

THE LIFE LUXURIOUS!

Glimpses Of The Lavish Homes Of The Stars Where Their Off-Stage Lives Are Spent In An Atmosphere As Unreal As The Fantasies Of The Scenario Spinners.

MUCH has been written of the gluttony of the tax collector and of the dumb and charming natures of the picture headliners, but as a matter of fact the stars are unusually clever people and getting hold of money and getting full value for what they spend is instinctive with them, for they're a canny lot.

They live in palaces and enjoy it. And why shouldn't they? Wouldn't you?



(Above) Spacious home of Edgar Bergen, who made the world cheer for a dummy. (Left) The gracefully columned portico of Sonja Henie's home. (Below) Billie Burke can often be found with her dogs in this attractive patio.

(Above) At his ranch house, Warren William frequently serves lunch outdoors on this unique picnic table designed by himself. (Right) On the spring-board of her swimming pool Deanna Durbin smiles at the lovely, adoring universe. (Below, right) Any girl would be happy if she possessed a living room as charming as Loretta Young's.





(Above, left) The impressive mansion of Mrs. Joel Pressman (Claudette Colbert) in Holmby Hills. (Above) C. Aubrey Smith's estate commands one of the most beautiful views of Hollywood. (Right, top to bottom) A corner of the sumptuous living room of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter. Note the priceless tapestry on the rear wall. Maureen O'Sullivan's playroom—decorated in the modern manner. In James Cagney's den are many valuable prints and trophies. After a hard day's work Victor McLaglen relaxes on his cheerful veranda.



THE SCREEN COLONY HEEDS FASHION'S CALL



Dorothy Belle Dugan wearing a BVD swim suit of Heim fabric and print with a half-skirt effect. (Right) Marla Shelton reclines gracefully in her bra and trunks of sea-green figured satin, shaded by her large straw sun hat. (Below) Jacqueline Wells in a smartly fitted lounge coat of unbleached muslin bordered in henna and orange, with poke bonnet to match.



Plus-fours of white Toyo cloth a Barbara Read's choice for gardenin contrasted with a blouse of the sar material in chartreuse. A sma brimmed Panama protects her co plexion. (Below-center) Three BV swim suits—Eadie Adams in Egypti printed sea satin, with fantom ski and adjustable shoulder bows, Ma Howard in a nosegay Maillot rough finish sea satin, and Priscil Lawson in a Maillot in fish net se satin with dual control adjustmen and shirred bodice.



Summer=time Is Play=time But Your Days Can
Be More Delightful If Your Clothes Reflect The
Evanescent Moods Of Cheerful King Sol.



(Left) Colorful cotton
with sky-blue back-
and fashions Deanna
an's cunning playsuit
its adorable Little Boy
coat with high yoke
quaintly puffed sleeves.

(Below) There's a breath of
Mexico in this crash
suit in primrose yel-
low worn by Gene Price.
smartly shaped belt is
vivid green felt ap-
plied with vari-colored
felt flowers.



(Left) Charming for
golf is this high-waisted
skirt of deep heather-
toned tweed belted in
soft tan leather (to
match her odd cylinder
bag) and topped off
with a sweater cut like
a blouse in a delicate
wood-violet tone. (Center)
Lovely Olivia de
Havilland looks fetching
in a three-piece play
suit, consisting of shorts,
a trickily cut blouse and
a fastened down the
front wrap around skirt,
all made of roman
striped cotton in red,
white and black.

(Right) Florence Rice is
trim in a bolero play
suit of pink angel-skin
with a dull blue gros-
grain sash. (Below)
Frances Mercer covers
her bathing suit with a
candy striped Dirndl
robe in a brilliant com-
bination of greens, and,
at right, Diana Gibson
half covers her vivid
velour bathing suit of
red and white with a
white cotton waffle pique
applied with red.



ALL girls love this
warm weather sea-
son, especially so if
they are young and slim.
Then they can shed the
conventional trappings of
every-day life and relax
their bodies under the
health-giving rays of the
sun.

Some girls, particularly
those of medium height
and under, look entranc-
ingly lovely in shorts,
others find slacks or plus-
fours or swinging lounge
coats more effective, and
still others show their fig-
ures to the best advantage
in the briefest of swim
suits. The fashion world
opens wide its doors to
them all—there are no
stern "must dos." Wear
what is most flattering to
your own type this year
and be guided by no
other mirror than your
own.

On the following pages
will be found some casual
afternoon models, as well
as two simple evening
costumes. These should
interest the girl who
under no circumstances at
all can be inveigled into
abbreviated sport clothes,
or for the girl whose so-
cial obligations demand
conventional but simple
apparel.

(Continued
on next page)





When the sun sets Rita Hayworth goes softly feminine in this mousseline de soie bouffant frock, with its creamy background and clusters of flowers in pastel shades. A tiny bolero appliqued with a flower design of matching fabric may come in handy when the evening gets cooler. (Below) Jacqueline Wells remains tailored in dinner pajamas of dark blue silk with a pin dot, over which she wears a brocaded bolero patterned in red, green, blue and yellow. (Right) For cool summer days and nights this short box coat of white broadtail comes in very handy, claims Florence George. With it she wears a halo hat of white panama.



(Far left) A circular powder blue linen skirt is favored by Barbara Reed, topped by a white handkerchief linen blouse and fastened with suspenders of peasant design in blue, red and white. Her belt is powder blue angora felt. (Below) The flattering versions of the large picture hat are sponsored by Merle Oberon and Margaret Lindsay. Merle's, a combination of leghorn and Nile green moiré taffeta ribbon, is definitely the garden party type. While Margaret's, of black shiny straw with a pale pink cluster of flowers tucked under the brim, is suited to informal afternoon and dinner wear.



(L. to R.) Florence George in a casual, spectator sports frock of sage green sharkskin, worn with a natural colored balibuntle straw halo with red and green raffia trimming. Her natural linen handbag of huge dimensions has the same raffia trimmings. Rita Hayworth dons a navy woolen short-sleeved redingote with patent leather belt over a simple white pique sports frock with halter neckline. Remove the coat and she's ready for the tennis court. Her large brimmed hat is of white felt, with chin strap of Mexican red. Olivia de Havilland in a striking black and chalk white tunic dress with lipstick red kid belt and a gracefully draped black chiffon hanky tucked into the breast pocket.



(Below, L. to R.) Gloria Stuart in a typical peasant girl costume in printed cotton in two shades of dull blue, with large blue denim apron with capacious pockets. The popular Dalmatian kerchief is worn far back on her curls. The "Bush Jacket" worn by Rita Hayworth was fashioned by the natives of Guatemala.

The background is coffee brown and the hand-sewn pattern is in gay yellow, red and green. Doris Nolan's Gibson girl ensemble, consisting of pleated black silk skirt and full-sleeved white blouse becomes an ultra modern affair when she tops it with this cartwheel of black straw with its becoming chin strap.



'S OF THE



Joe Penner and Lucille Ball in "Go Chase Yourself."



Sally Eilers and Paul Kelly in "Nurse From Brooklyn."



Joan Valerie and Ken Howell in "A Trip to Paris."



Jane Darwell and Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Broadway."



Phyllis Welch and Harold Lloyd in "Professor, Beware!"

NEW FILMS

Entertainment For
Summer Screens.



Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in "You And Me."



Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce in "Yellow Jack."



Kay Francis and Emmet Vogen in "Secrets of an Actress."



Ray Milland and Martha Raye in "Tropic Holiday."



Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday."



Don Ameche and Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

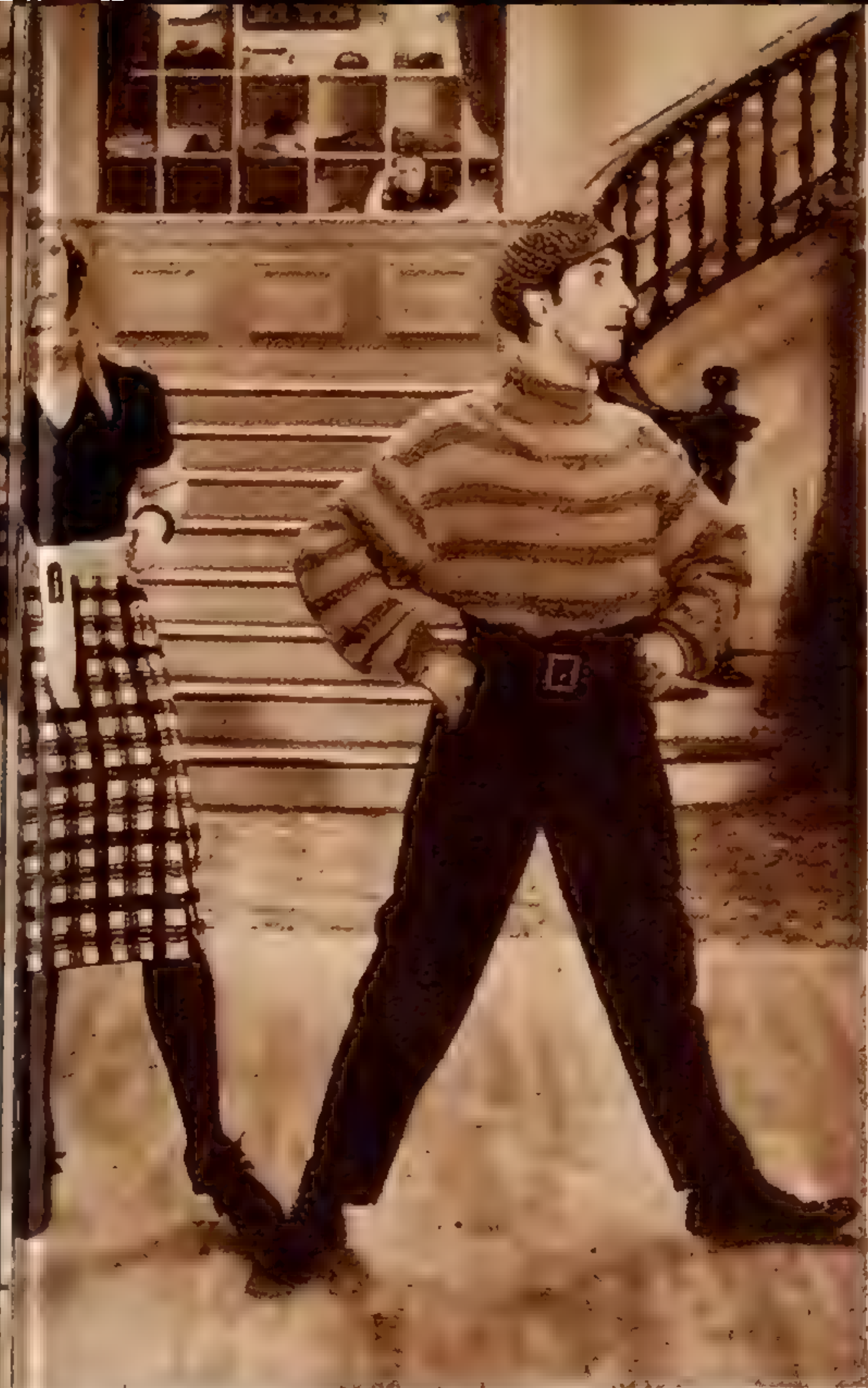


Mickey Rooney teaches Jacqueline Laurent new steps including the "Suzy Q," "Swing Step," "Back Kick" and the "Side Strut." They dance the Big Apple in "Judge Hardy's Children." (Below) Sylvia Sidney and a bit player in a moment from "You and Me" when the treachery of former convicts seems to be threatening her slim chance for happiness.



(Top) Eve Arden and Ben Blue in "Cocoanut Grove." Ben starts off in the character of Joe Lemma but ends up in a dilemma. (Left) Ray Milland and Bob Burns in "Tropic Holiday." Bob's help on the scenario is negligible, if not of manifest undesirability. (Below) More shots from "You and Me." Before the burglary, George Stone and George Raft disconnect the alarm system.





(Right) Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in "Holiday."
A kiss, said Cyrano, is a dot on the i in loving.



SEQUENCES FROM CURRENT PICTURES

(Continued on next page)





(Below) Spring Byington as a temperamental portrait painter in "You Can't Take It With You." She studies her sitter, discerns, describes and despairs.

(Above) In three easy lessons, Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris demonstrate the events leading up to the fade-out in "Men Are Such Fools."





(Top) Shirley Temple and George Murphy dance in "Little Miss Broadway."



In "Kidnapped," Warner Baxter and Reginald Owen duel to the death as R.L.S. conceived it.

Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress

OH CONNIE, I'M SO WHIFFY—I NEED LUXING

Perspiration odor clings to dresses—Don't Offend

DRESSES, like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux your dresses often. Lux removes perspiration odor completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Saves color and fit, too. Any dress safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux. Buy the big package for *extra* economy.

Lux dresses often...





Seven men needed—director, assistant director, cameraman, assistant cameraman, electrician, sound engineer and dialogue expert—for this "take" of Alice Faye singing to Don Ameche's accompaniment in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." See result on page 45.

HOW THEY DO IT!

The Important Quality Is The Unseen Atmosphere Of Reality.



A short sequence showing how Fred MacMurray and his orchestra travel in "Cocoanut Grove." For this scene Paramount hired ten miles of a railroad and built a camera car out of a motor car.



(Top) Making a scene for "Go Chase Yourself." Joe Penner has to stand just there. The tape measure puts him in focus. (Above) Director Fritz Lang acts out a speech in "You and Me" so George Raft will do it his way.



Over Merle Oberon's head the assistant holds three plain surfaces. If they photograph evenly the light is O.K. for Technicolor. It's for "Over the Moon." (Left) Colin Tapley and Suratna Asmara portraying a scene for "Boo-loo." Most of the film is actually taken in Malay, but not this scene which shows the cement studio floor.



A leather-cased figure waved a flourishing salute over the plane's side and vaulted down to meet Dina Gage. In midfield, Russ took her into his arms.

NO RETAKES IN LOVE

The Romance Of A
Movie Girl Who Went
On Location And
Stayed.

By
Frederic Mertz

(Illustrated By Lloyd Wright)

Pete wasn't mixed up in studio business any more. He drove out to the "Caravan Girl" location because there was a stampede of wild horses in the film—though most of it was left afterward on the cutting-room floor. Resolute Pictures didn't send all those horses out to the valley; they rented them from the ranchers around Bolsa Verde. Pete Thatcher took the narrow dirt road into the foothills for no other reason than to see how the Resolute outfit was handling his stock.

On the "Caravan Girl" location, there were corrals and tents and trailers. There were sound trucks, power generators, and rolling platforms intricately scaffolded for the sake of camera angles. There was a big commissary barracks, and a portable bungalow for Sandra Joslyn. There was an assistant technical director who guided Pete around, showing him these wonders and talking about horses.

The assistant director was leading Pete Thatcher somewhere for a drink, when Pete noticed the girl coming toward them. She was wearing slacks and a buff pull-over and a pair of those braided slippers that they sell around Caliente and Palm Springs. One of her arms was lifted to shadow her eyes against the sunset. Her burnished, dark hair, loose about her face, was stroked back a little by the breeze. And the way she walked, in her woven Mexican *huaraches*, made Pete think of ponies running on upland pastures, their manes free

in the wind.

"Joslyn," the assistant director muttered in a swift aside.

She was quite near now, smiling at Pete. And the closer she came, the deeper were those ripples of memory stirring his mind, obscuring the outlines of an image so long present that he had stopped noticing it.

"Hello, Pete Thatcher," she said. Her warm, dark voice had a husky note that he didn't remember at all.

The assistant director announced, with an air of unique discovery, "You know each other!"

"He doesn't," said the girl. "But I do."

She slipped a hand under Pete's arm, and fell into step beside him. "Pardner," she said, "the stage coach has plumb broke down, and I must get to Oakwood Gulch tonight."

The surface of crinkled, elusive memories smoothed out in Pete Thatcher's mind. He was jerked back ten years—to Mannie Stein's crazy, one-camera outfit in Hollywood's Poverty Row; to outdoor takes in dusty, brush-choked canyons that were swimming-pooled estates now. He recalled the gangling, sixteen-year-old saddle bum he had been then—riding, roping, and doubling in long-shot stunts for those actors whom Mannie Stein reluctantly paid more than coffee-and-doughnuts money for the day.

And he remembered a pale, thin-legged child crazily involved in the serial thrillers that Mannie was always rushing through

THE Khyber Pass scenes of "Caravan Girl" were filmed on location, a half hour's steady drive into the hills from Pete Thatcher's ranch below the Little Sandovals. You remember the layout—a British garrison, with a polo field in it because of the sequence where the border chieftain was overawed by the sight of English officers at play while revolt seethed all about them along the Afghan frontier. It didn't make sense, but it helped make a super-epic. And it started Pete Thatcher upvalley, late one afternoon, to find out how the job was going.

Of course, with the ranch on his hands,

with somebody else's bottom dollar. "Dina," he said now. "Dina Gage."

Her answer caught the tone of his own slow, considered speech. "I hope to tell you, pardner."

The assistant director said, with nicely unstressed deference, "I was just asking Mr. Thatcher about dinner. Unless he has some special reason for hurrying back to his ranch—"

"He's staying," the girl asserted. "He and I used to make quickies together."

The assistant director didn't exactly back away bowing. But the effect was the same. He said to Pete, almost ceremoniously, "Hope I'll be seeing you later, old man. I'd like to get a price on one of your ponies."

Already Dina was walking Pete Thatcher back toward the bungalow that Resolute Pictures provided for her on location because she was Sandra Joslyn. She wasn't much taller than she had been, years ago, working for Mannie Stein. But things had happened since then—to her voice and her eyebrows, to the way she moved and to the color of her hair. Everything was different about her disturbingly lovely face. Everything was different except her wide-set gray eyes, and whatever it was that looked out from behind them at Pete Thatcher.

"So now you've got a ranch," Dina said, in the new voice that time and Resolute's dramatic coaches had given her. "And you've got horses to sell." She tugged like an eager child at his arm. "Pete, let me come over to your place with Gracie Esmond before we're sent back to Hollywood."

Pete said incredulously, "Don't tell me that Grace Esmond is in this picture, too!"

Dina shook her head. "Didn't you know? She's out of pictures. She's sort of my secretary and burglar alarm."

He couldn't stretch his imagination far enough to include Grace Esmond as a secretary—the big, open-handed redhead who had played leads for Mannie Stein. She had taken on Pete's hospital bills, the time he and a roan pony had tangled in a leap down a ravine that was a boulevard

now. Most of Pete's wages had gone to pay her back, in those first three years as ranch hand on the acres which were now mostly his. Afterward, somehow, ranch troubles had made him forget that the seasons shifted no less in Hollywood than here in the shadow of the Sandovals.

Since then, he had been up against the usual griefs—drought, stock and crop losses, tax and mortgage deadline, and the failing health of the old rancher who had urged him into a partnership. But the financial shoestring had lengthened and toughened. It wasn't a shoestring any longer, but more like a rawhide riata. It was strong enough so that he could walk here quietly now, remembering things he had not thought of for a long time, and watching the slant of sunset against Dina Gage's darkened hair.

"You've changed," he told Dina. "You had a couple of thin braids wrapped around your head. Blonde ones."

"We're all changed, I guess."

She spoke with a quiet, oddly touching acceptance of him, as if this meeting picked up a thread of talk interrupted only a moment ago. She continued, "Gracie has this scar down the side of her face—you won't notice it too much, will you? She was coming home from a party in a speeding car. And afterward, when she saw how things were going to be, she didn't put on an act. She was so darn brave—joking about it—"

Her voice had trailed to a whisper, because they were almost at the door of the bungalow.

He said, "I take it back, about your having changed, Dina. You're still the same nice kid."

A quarter hour later, he had lost whatever strangeness he might have felt at seeing these two again. Already he was accustomed to the sight of Gracie Esmond as a stout, aging woman occupied in knitting a jersey dress. The paraphernalia for this job occupied, with Gracie, most of a love-seat. She brought a highball for Pete, and studied him calmly through horn-rimmed spectacles that broke the line of a thin scar running the length of one cheek.

"He turned good looking," she reported to Dina, who perched beside her on the arm of the love-seat.

"He has a place of his own," said Dina. "We'll drive over there tomorrow."

She came for an instant to put her hand on his shoulders. "Don't go away," she said. "There's somebody I want you to meet." She crossed to the house door, walk-



ing lightly in her Mexican *huaraches*, and Pete saw her presently outside, her arm raised as a shield against the last of the sunset. Out there, the drone of airplane motors made a sounding-board of the Sandovals.

Pete Thatcher was only half listening. He finished his drink, and let the slow warmth of it find words for things he was beginning to remember.

"Whatever became of Dina's mother, Gracie?"

"She's down at Palm Springs, resting."

"She needed it." He recalled that small, tense woman forever sitting on the sidelines in Mannie Stein's crate-like studio. "Funny," he said. "I guess I'd never have stuck it out on that ranch deal if it hadn't been for those two. Dina and Mrs. Gage. They always looked so damn hungry—and they were, I guess. It used to scare me that maybe some day a woman of mine or a kid of mine might get that look. So I got into the habit of working like hell. You and those two did a lot for me, Gracie."

"You're a good guy," said Gracie. "You turned out to be the only conservative investment I ever made."

He set aside the empty glass, and watched the knitting needles in the hands of that weathered, heavy-bodied woman who had once played leads for Mannie Stein. "Something's got you bothered," he said.

She regarded him judicially through her horn-rimmed glasses, watching him find his cigarettes and matches. "What bothers me is that most things happen on the wrong cue."

She laid aside her knitting, to look out at the fantastically glowing world beyond the bungalow's open windows. In an abrupt silence, a descending plane slanted into view and taxied over the flat ground behind the horse corrals. Pete went over to the window to watch.

"Nice landing," he reported to Gracie presently. "He came in fast and perfect."

"That seems to be the general idea," said Gracie. "For everything he does. Next year he'll be twenty-five—and guess what happens then! He inherits seven million dollars. All because he's smart enough to be Russell Hendrickson IV."

A leather-cased figure waved a flourishing salute over the plane's side, and vaulted down to meet Dina Gage. In midfield, he took her into his arms.

Pete Thatcher asked, "Is this the somebody I'm waiting to meet?"

Gracie nodded. "She was look-

He put a hand over the taut fingers she had clamped on the fence rail. "Sure I understand," he said. "A long time ago, I made up my mind that you belonged in a hacienda set-up. And now you've found it."





With a movement so swift and direct that something savage was in its gentleness, Pete gathered Dina up and carried her limp form into his ranch house.

ing out of the window, expecting him. That's how she happened to see you. He owns a stable full of hunters and jumpers and blue ribbons, back in Pennsylvania. He's got architects and landscape gardeners working on the old homestead. Background for Sandra Joslyn. That's Dina, in case you don't remember."

Pete snubbed out his cigarette against the window screen. There wasn't any reason at all for his feeling shaken and sweaty inside, like a half-broke pony wheeled suddenly to face a forgotten landmark.

"She'll fit into that," he said. "I always figured that was what the kid needed. Some sort of a hacienda set-up."

He could see them coming off the field—Dina with her beautiful, flowing stride, and the tall young man whose grin flashed agreeably in a sunburnt face. "They look fine together," said Pete.

"He thinks so, too." Gracie's tone held a latent irony. "He thinks she'll go lovely with his family silver and his dogs and the rose garden his great-grandmother started. He's sent home for the architect's drawings, so Dina can see how perfect everything is going to turn out."

Features set to a poker-playing blankness, Pete Thatcher observed a cloudless sky above the peaks of the Sandovals. "Guess I'd better be pushing back to the ranch, after all," he said. "On account of it looks like it might be going to rain somewhere, maybe."

Gracie's mouth tightened a little. "You scared to meet this Hendrickson?"

"No," said Pete, "but I'll wait for him anyhow."

He lounged back to his chair, and sat with Gracie in silence until Dina and Russell Hendrickson IV came into the dusk-filled room.

Afterward, when he reached home, he didn't get out of the car right away. One leg hooked over the steering wheel, he stared through the smoke of a cigarette at what there was to see of the ranch-house

under its spread of live-oaks. Until tonight, he hadn't questioned the direction in which things were moving. He had even been a little proud of these past few years. But now he saw his achievement as something shrunken and humble. Luck had been with him, no less than with Russ Hendrickson. The only difference was that Hendrickson's luck made it possible to do the right things for Dina Gage.

He hadn't just been shooting off his mouth, talking to Gracie about Dina and her mother. What had steadied him, turning him from a rambling, shiftless kid to whatever he was now, remained somehow fixed in his mind as a picture of two faces—Dina's, child-like and pinched; and the face of Mrs. Gage, so like what Dina's would be after years of bucking Poverty Row for a break.

Only, things hadn't turned out that way. Mrs. Gage was at Palm Springs, and Dina was Sandra Joslyn, with only her wide-set eyes to bring back the time when she had been a child actress in Mannie Stein's jerry-built thrillers. And Hendrickson was fixing up his Pennsylvanian show-place to make it Sandra Joslyn's background.

And Pete Thatcher owned a ranch. It all worked out, somehow. . . .

He drove the car around past the small bunk-house where his two ranch hands slept. Since the death of his partner less

than a year ago, Pete lived alone in the ranch-house, except for quince-faced old Charley Yee, who cooked his meals. Without knowing exactly why, Pete went in and turned on the lamp beside his big, roll-top desk at one end of the living-room. He pulled out account books, and began to go over them.

Long before midnight, he had done all the figuring that there was to do. The uphill pull had levelled off during these past three years. Now he was breaking better than even. But as he studied the final column, he could hear the coyotes jeering, off there in the foothills under a rust-colored moon. And their thin, yapping snicker was with him while he faced the knowledge that—for him—Dina Gage would always be over the mountains in more ways than one.

He was still sitting there, half asleep, when the surprised old Chinese shuffled in with breakfast. Pete Thatcher gulped down his coffee, studying the record as it lay before him on the balance sheet. Momentarily he was tempted to make another examination of his accounts, to see if he had overlooked something favorable. But he knew better. He slammed the roll-top, and went on down to the horse corrals. What waited down there would snap him back to business.

It was a slim, satin-shouldered two-year-old, hating saddles and hackamores and fenced ground. By those mysterious processes of character appraisal that sometimes determine the naming of a horse, she had been christened Quien Sabe. Some day, Pete Thatcher guessed, she might make such a pony as he had never owned before. But so far, she was just a nimble-legged uncertainty, hoofed with dynamite.

Pete worked her for a couple of hours, first under saddle and later on the hackamore lead rope. Then, shaken and dust-

[Continued on page 72]



1932

(Left) Dolores Del Rio's recent portrait shows her classic features in all their perfection. (Below) The fresh and vital face of Loretta Young, as she appears to us today.



An early picture of Marlene Dietrich, revealing her shapely legs of course.



(Left) Myrna Loy looks younger and prettier every year. (Below) Joan Crawford now has more ideality in her face.



arrived in this country in 1930 and the Marlene Dietrich of today. The dark-haired German star's principle claim to fame was her beautiful legs. The exquisite individuality she has attained and retained eight years later is the result of make-up men and expert beauticians. First it was necessary to lose Teutonic plumpness, never popular in this country since the gay nineties, by strict dieting.

POOR Ponce de Leon! He spent so much time in a fruitless search for the Fountain of Youth in Florida, when, in reality, he might have found it centuries later on the Pacific coast—in Hollywood.

Consider the last decade in Cinemaland. Stars who appeared to be in their late twenties in the late 'twenties look no more than in their early twenties now in the late 'thirties.

California sunshine may have something to do with this bloom of youth, but since in each case the causes have varied, I cannot be positive of this. Generally speaking, everybody lives an outdoor life in California, especially the film stars. They all have their own swimming pools, and use them. Most of them go in for strenuous sets of tennis on their own courts. Exercise is the elixir of life in Hollywood.

The important factor is that, regardless of ability or talent, as long as a star remains young and beautiful she can hold her place in the film world. It is her job to retain her youth, just as it is necessary for a stenographer to improve her speed or a housewife to learn new and attractive ways of preparing old dishes.

Scientific dietitians make it possible for stars to remain slim without losing vitality. Make-up experts have studied facial contours, hair lines, etc., until it is impossible for any star to fall short of perfection.

In 1927 Myrna Loy was photographed beside her fireplace in her home. In those days, of course, Myrna was not the successful star that she is today. She was still in her almond-eyed period on the screen. This picture was taken to convince the studio that she was quite as interesting (as herself) as the screen personality they had given her. But the producers must have been deaf, or dumb, or blind, for they paid no heed and continued casting her in vampire roles. It was six years before they gave the real Myrna a chance.

Maladjustment can work havoc with one's nerves, and Myrna was no exception. To say that she was unhappy in her seductive days on the screen is putting it mildly. When her years of fighting to become herself finally brought victory, Myrna at last was able to relax. No more taut nerves. Her entire outlook brightened. She gained self-confidence and repose and the satisfaction of knowing that her job was well done. Now, eleven years later, she emerges looking younger and prettier than before.

Behold Joan Crawford back in 1929 during her "dancing daughter" days. Though, a short time after this, Joan went in for dramatic roles in a big way and her life took on a more serious aspect, there is no question that she looks as young today as she did nine years ago.

Granted that beauty is only skin deep, character is always revealed in the face. In the early days of her career, Joan was too occupied fighting her way up to stardom—and hers was a difficult struggle—to give much attention to other things in life. It was not until she gained a foothold that she gave vent to other interests. She studied music and singing, not merely to further her career, but more as a spiritual development. However, the outstanding virtue in Joan's character is her understanding and faith in human nature. Hers is almost a childlike confidence. She is essentially a loyal friend and one of the most charitable people in the film colony. One cannot enumerate her Lady Bountiful acts. All this shows in her face, along with her complete naturalness and lack of artifice.

There is no comparison between the Marlene Dietrich who

The Chilling Hand Of Time Has
Not Touched The Beauty Of The
Picture Girls. They Have Found
The Fountain Of
Youth.

(Extreme
left) Carole
Lombard in
her Mack
Sennett days.
(Left) Joan
Crawford
when she was
dancing her
way to fame.

(Top) In this relic
of her "siren"
days, Myrna Loy
actually looks
older than she
does today

(Above, left) Dolores Del Rio when
she was sleek and stately. (Above)
Loretta Young gave her lovely
'teens to silent pictures, made the
transition to sound
films and grew
fairer still.

(Below) Marlene has added glamour to
her list of charms. (Below, right) Carole
Lombard. How she has improved in ap-
pearance!

They then changed the arrangement and color of her hair. They studied her face, lifted her eyebrows and went into a thorough job of remodeling to produce the glamorous star we know.

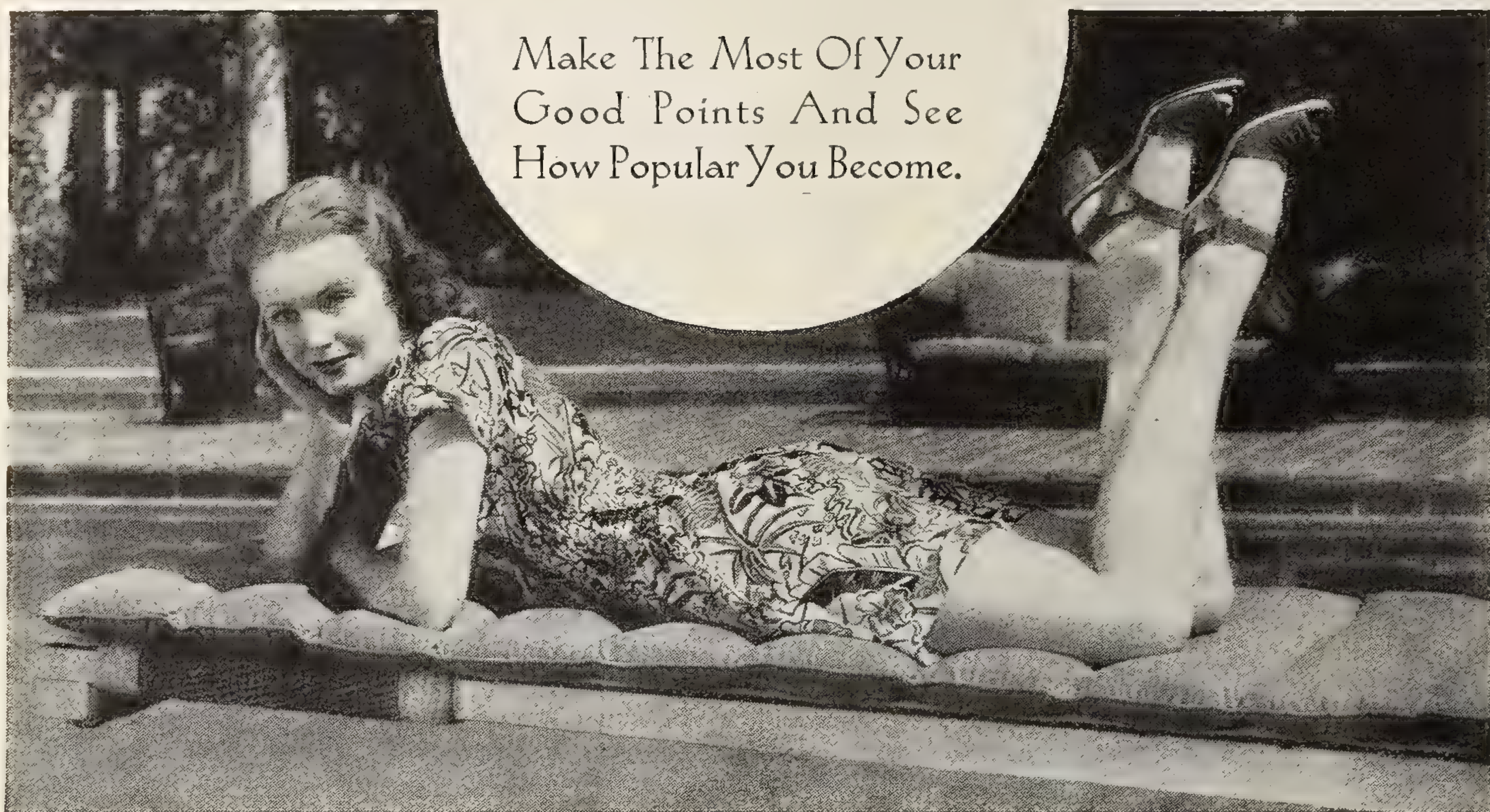
My conscience cringes at the thought of including Loretta Young, as she is only twenty-five years old now. This photograph, taken in 1929, shows Loretta at sweet sixteen. Surely there is no period in a woman's life when she undergoes a more complete change than during these intervening years; yet here we see Loretta looking as young and fresh today as the blossoms she

holds in her hand, and certainly far more glamorous.

Of course, Loretta has bobbed her hair since the first photograph, which always tends to give a more youthful appearance. In spite of her popularity with Hollywood's bachelors, Loretta never permits her social life to interfere with her rest, which is the essential factor for her keeping fit. During her working time, she manages to sleep around the clock every fortnight or so.

The two Hollywood stars who have probably undergone the greatest change—and for the better—are [Continued on page 62]

HINTS FOR SUMMER BEAUTIES



Make The Most Of Your
Good Points And See
How Popular You Become.

By
Mary
Lee

June Lang lazily
reclines on a
beach mattress
beside her pool,
her back and
shoulders pro-
tected from the
hot sun so that
they won't show
that "sunburn
line" when she
gets into eve-
ning dress.

SUMMER brings the glamour months. For this season creates the setting and the situation to which every one of us brings new roles. And that has always seemed to me the first advantage of being a star. The movie stars play at all sides of life. They never confine themselves strictly to the part of a business girl or a home girl. And so their lives are varied, full of color. Take Bette Davis, for example. Behind the scenes, there probably isn't a happier, more sensible young wife in Hollywood. Yet much of Bette's life goes into feeling and acting the part of a brittle young woman with a glint in her eye. One who knows what she wants and goes after it—regardless.

Though our individual parts are never as public and as prominent as the stars', warm weather brings an expansion of activities and pleasures that actually make us seem someone else. There are country week-ends, if you are a city girl, when you can dress up in a dirndl and tie a kerchief over your curls in peasant manner. Of course that makes you feel different. You can go sailing, if you're lucky enough to know boat lovers, all seaman-like in slacks and sweater, your skin kissed by salt spray.

You can feel like Miss America on any beach, if you have a reasonably good figure, a smart swimsuit, or you can get that all "Gone with the Wind" appeal in pastel organdie or mousseline de soie rumba-ing atop some roof garden to Spanish music. A little budget and a big imagination, and for moments, at least, the world is yours. The costumes I leave to you, but from the very personal viewpoint, hair, skin, make-up and perfume, let me answer some questions of general appeal that have come in recently.

Some of the girls say they have normally nice hair but they want that under-tone of life and shimmer that makes any hair beautiful, regardless of its color. The new Clairol color-accenting shampoo is one answer. It shampoos, reconditions and highlights, all at the same operation. Clairol does not change basic hair color, but it seems to release the brilliance that lies submerged in much hair. When your hair is

freshly shampooed and you are in bright sunlight, you often see this lovely evasive suggestion of color, and wish you could capture and keep it always. Clairol seems to do just this. Use it like any liquid shampoo, but when you have worked up a rich lather, comb it through your hair several times from scalp to the very ends. Leave on a few minutes and rinse off. You'll discover your hair as you've dreamed of it. Clairol is personalized—that is, it comes in special combinations for the basic hair tones, such as gold or silver blonde, copper and so on. You may use Clairol at home or have a professional shampoo with it in your beauty shop.

Rouge has a way of perplexing us in summer, because skin tones change. What, ask many, is a practically safe tone for all? Happily, there is an answer—Po-Go Brique (orange naturelle), an impalpably fine, French imported dry rouge. It blends so softly, so naturally that you cannot detect it on the cheek, and it really stays on. Now and then we find a rouge or lipstick so perfectly blended and balanced in tone that it is as charming on the fragile blonde as on the vibrant brunette. Po-Go belongs in this class, and vacationists will find it a boon, when a mild complexion returns from beach or mountains with an almost tropical tone.

Most of us have become adept at eye make-up. What we do with mascara and shadow is an artistic feat. But—and this causes a few heartaches now and then—what can we do without normal brows and lashes to work on? When they are scanty, short, contrary, make-up is only part of the answer. The other is Kurlene—by all means, Kurlene. It's a cream to be brushed or smoothed on preferably at night, if you wish to stimulate these small, important hairs, to make them healthier and stronger and generally to aid their growth. These small hairs grow slowly, so Kurlene takes time, but its faithful use will produce gratifying results. If you are blessed with good brows and lashes, you will find Kurlene a grand day-time grooming idea. Brush a little onto brows and lashes. It will give a brilliance and sheen that is charming,

and this is a special tip for the dark girl who does not need mascara. I like the brush idea because Kurlene is applied more neatly in this manner and for stimulating you can brush it right to the lash or brow roots, where it does its good work.

A vital summer hint. Keep that powder puff immaculate. Then your powder will spread smoothly and your skin will benefit generally. Buy powder puffs that launder as easy as hankies, like the Hygienol pure lambs' wool puffs. They are of soft, velvety texture, blend your powder on skin evenly, and now come in a feather-weight cellulose acetate container, clean and convenient for home or purse use. And last, a perfume of romance. There are many. In fact, all perfumes seem romantic to me, but one that is certainly all moonlight and roses and soft music is Corday's Chevre Feuille (honeysuckle), a true scent, glamorous, soft, warm. You can buy it by the dram or in lovely bottles. The scent is very clinging, too.



Ann Sheridan likes this
lambs' wool powder puff in
a container for purse use.

HER JUNGLE LOVE

FOR THOSE WHO GLOAT ON "MELLER-DRAMA"—*Par.*

BEAUTIFULLY done up in Technicolor this bit of South Sea Island saga simply reeks with good old hokum. And unless you are too, too sophisticated for words, you lorgnette-bearer you, you'll find it all a hell of a lot of fun.

Decidedly on the asset side of the picture are Dorothy Lamour's legs, a precocious chimpanzee named Gaga (the late Jiggs) and a very cute lion cub called Meewa.

Ray Milland and Lynne Overman play a couple of aviators who crash in a plane on a pacific isle—and there they find Dorothy in her sarong, and in no time at all Dorothy, the fairest flower of the tropics, becomes fluent in English and kissing.

RASCALS

IN WHICH JANE WITHERS RESCUES THE UNHAPPY HEIRESS—*20th Century-Fox*

THAT most talented of juvenile character actresses, little Miss Jane Withers, sings and acts and dances her way through her newest picture in a most engaging manner. This time Jane plays the leader of a band of gypsy rovers, and, with Borrah Minnevit and his harmonica players in the gang, what a gay time the gypsies have.

Rochelle Hudson, playing a society girl who has lost her memory in an automobile accident, is adopted by the friendly gypsies and she in time becomes their favorite fortune teller, displacing Steffi Duna. She falls in love with Robert Wilcox, another non-gypsy in the band, and everything is fun and laughter until Rochelle, operated on with money raised by her gypsy pals, recovers her memory and once more becomes a society belle with a scheming mother and Baron fiance.

But Jane fixes all that, too, and Rochelle is rescued right at the altar in time for a happy ending. The plot is weaker than the previous Jane Withers pictures—but if you're a Withers fan, and aren't we all, you'll find Jane even more entertaining than ever before.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN

SCREWBALL COMEDY AT ITS BEST—*Col.*

IF YOU went slightly daffy over "The Thin Man" you will go completely nuts over this newest hilarious comedy of married life mixed with a couple of cheerful murders. Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, at their maddest and best, take the prize for being the most amusing and likable young married couple on the screen.

Because of a lack of clients Melvyn, in despair, gives up his detective agency and goes back to his old job for \$75 a week with the district attorney. But wife Joan, a screwball de luxe, is made of sterner stuff, and so she proceeds to carry on the agency in direct competition to the D. A.'s office and her sleuthing spouse.

Right away she gets a Social Register client, Mary Astor, and shortly after a real honest-to-goodness murdered corpse. From then on the story deals with the rivalry between husband and wife for the clues to the murder, with Joan constantly barging in where she isn't wanted and giving things the "woman's touch." One side-splitting comedy scene stacks up on top of another with lightning rapidity, and even though you live to be a hundred you'll never see anything as funny as the scene in which Joan is subjected to a torturous all night grilling and retains her lovely freshness, with lipstick and powder puff, while the detectives collapse, victims to the devices of their own third degree.

Joan and Melvyn, of course, take all the comedy honors but they are ably supported by Mary Astor, Frances Drake and Jerome Cowan. You won't want to miss this one.



A scene from "Port of Seven Seas," noteworthy for the fine performance of Wallace Beery.

REVIEWS OF PICTURES



In "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas are a screwy married couple.

THE JOY OF LIVING

WHICH MAY FURNISH A FEW POINTERS IN YOUR SCHEME OF THINGS—*RKO*

THE beautiful and glamorous Irene Dunne returns to the screen, fresh from her spectacular triumphs in "The Awful Truth," in a new comedy formerly called "The Joy of Loving" but now called the "Joy of Living" because the Hays office doesn't approve of "Loving." Well, you know how the Hays office is.

Irene plays a young stage and radio star who has reached the top of her profession by sheer hard work and has a gross income of some \$10,000 a week. Burdened with a parasitic family, taxes, and a liking for rich furs and real jewels she finds that she hasn't a penny to call her own. Her career is a very serious thing with her and she must

keep slaving away day after day for her family, her taxes, and her extravagant clothes. She can't remember ever having any fun.

But, one night, she is rescued from an insulting bunch of autograph seekers by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a wealthy young man from Boston who believes that life is something to be enjoyed, and that she is destined to enjoy it with him. She thinks him fresh, has him arrested, and is most annoyed to learn that the court has appointed her his probation officer and that he must report to her twice weekly.

During the "reportings," however, she falls in love and there follows a wild assortment of adventures with him—including a beer bender at a hotbrau house with a trip to the rollerdrone in an attempt to sober up on skates—which will have you in

DANDRUFF?



4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 616 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Next time be sure to USE ZONITE FOR

- ✓ DANDRUFF
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ SORE THROAT
- ✓ CUTS & WOUNDS
- ✓ FEMINE CLEANSING
- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER
Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests



Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Joy of Living," a scintillating comedy.

stitches. Eventually Irene, too, decides to subscribe to Doug's theories of the joy of living.

Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Lucile Ball, Frank Milan, and the Steiner twins constitute Irene's most revolting family of parasites. Jean Dixon is her sensible secretary, and Eric Blore her nutsy butler. There is one priceless scene in her limousine where her chauffeur, pugilistic Warren Hymer, cues her in a most romantic love scene. Irene sings, and beautifully, several Jerome Kern songs.

THE BATTLE OF BROADWAY

THE AMERICAN LEGION BRINGS CAPTAIN FLAGG AND SERGEANT QUIRT BACK TO US—20th Century-Fox

THE uproarious convention of the American Legion in New York last fall served as the inspiration of this little number which brings back to the screen, after all these years, our old friends Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt. Victor McLaglen, big and lusty, plays his customary role, but Brian Donlevy steps into the part once portrayed by the slick Eddie Lowe.

The "sez you-sez me" fast talk isn't quite as scorching as it used to be. The dame that the boys are scrapping over this time is Louise Hovick, she who used to be Gypsy Rose Lee of strip-tease fame. Raymond Walburn eventually wins her.

The "battle" over Louise takes place on Broadway during the convention, and naturally there is plenty of footage given to the Legion's parade, which went on and on—just like Flagg and Quirt.

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS

A CHARMING FILM, FOLLOWING A PATTERN ALL ITS OWN—MGM

THE plot concerns a group of simple, kindly people who live in the seaport town of Marseilles. It is beautifully translated from the Marcel Pagnol play and makes a picture that is decidedly charming with its happy blending of wisdom and childish naivete.

John Beal plays a boy who is torn between his love for the sea and his love for a girl, Maureen O'Sullivan. The sea wins, and he sails away on a long voyage, not knowing that the girl is going to have his baby.

Maureen marries an elderly suitor, Frank Morgan, who knows all about the baby and is only too eager to provide for it and protect her. Several years later John returns from his ocean voyage, and claims his girl and his baby, but in the meantime Maureen has made plans of her own. There is a most unusual but satisfactory ending.

Wallace Beery plays the boy's father, a gentle childlike soul, and this stands out as one of Beery's greatest performances,

though entirely different from what he has played before. It's an unusually sensitive picture, acted and directed with great restraint.

LITTLE MISS ROUGHNECK

PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT FOR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES—Col.

NOT to be outdone by Universal's Deanna Durbin and Twentieth-Century's Jane Withers, Columbia trots out Edith Fellows, another little thirteen year old who acts and sings, and pleasantly too. Edith who is best remembered as the bad-tempered, spoiled brat in "She Married Her Boss" has evidently been taking her music lessons seriously for she gives out with several operatic numbers and a rendition of "La Golondrina" which is quite delightful.

She plays a precocious child whose mamma and manager are hell-bent upon her becoming a movie star, but she runs away from Hollywood and takes up with Leo Carrillo, a Mexican miner, and his wife Inez Palange, who know nothing about Hollywood careers and care less. The plot goes definitely "Captains Courageous." Margaret Irving plays the determined movie-mother, Scott Colton the actor's agent, and Jacquelin Wells a sympathetic older sister.



Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen in "The Battle of Broadway." Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee) is the cause of the outbreak.

*It helps their
Skin more directly!*
THE NEW CREAM WITH
"Skin-Vitamin"



FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin really clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.



regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

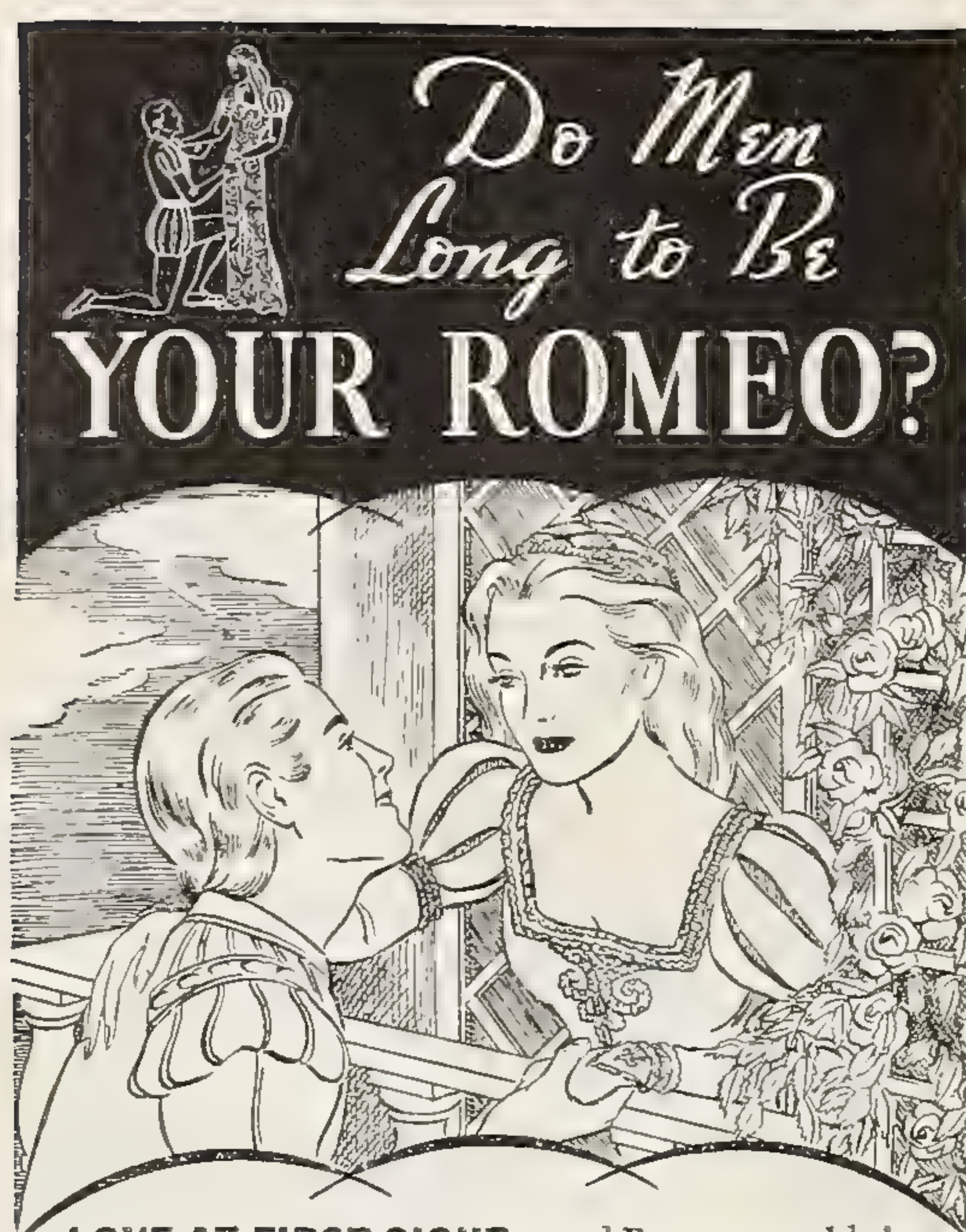
Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

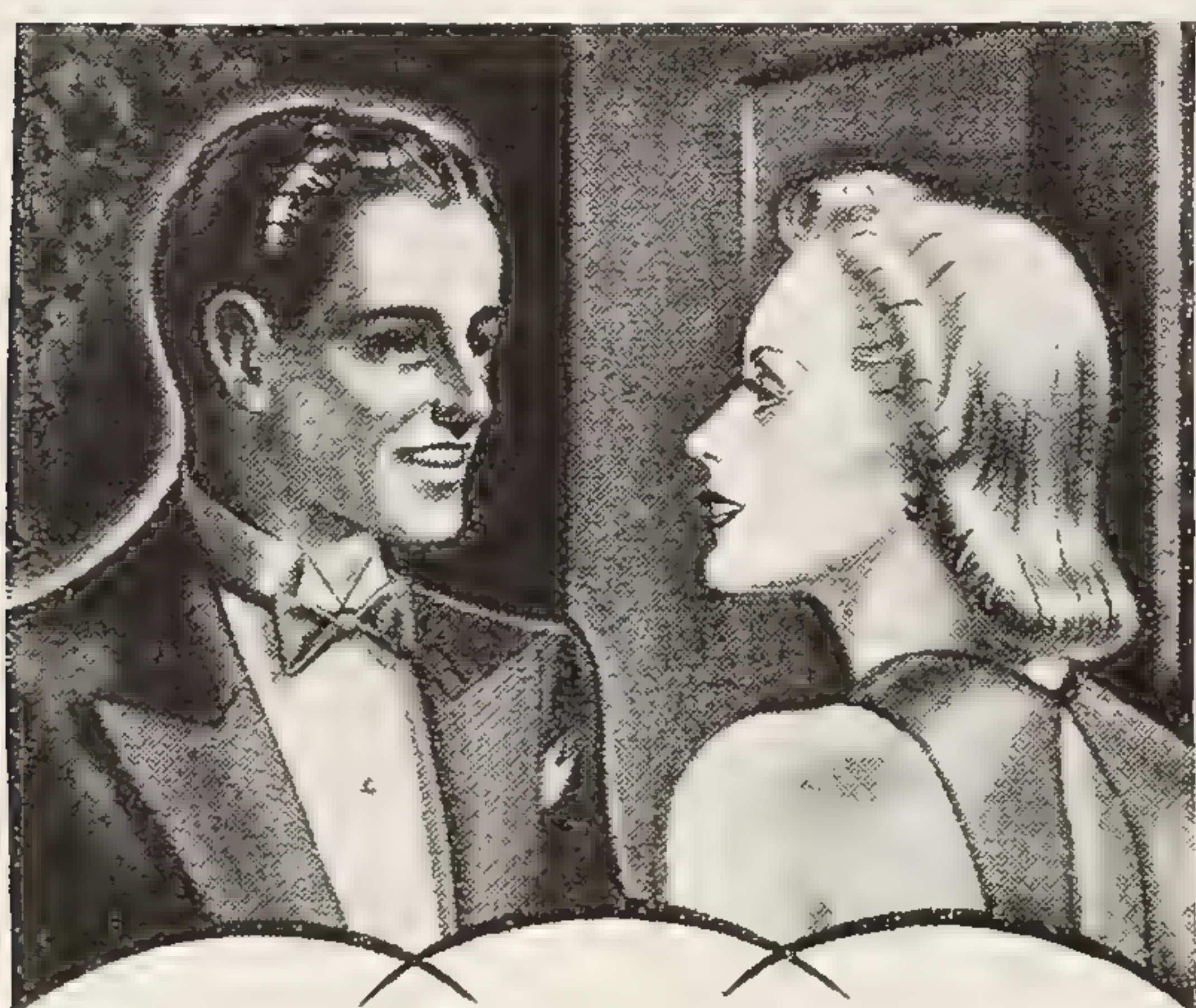
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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—and Romeo couldn't forget the pulse-stirring fragrance that Juliet wore.



TODAY'S ROMEO CAN'T RESIST the magic lure of Djer-Kiss—the exquisite fragrance that becomes yours when you wear Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"



—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. Y, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.



FROZEN DESSERTS

By
Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pre-tested)

DSSERT is the happy ending of the meal. It is also an important part of it in respect to food value. Frozen desserts such as mousses, frappes, parfaits, etc., are less cumbersome than the old-fashioned puddings and pies as a fitting climax to the modern meals. If you are uncertain about which is which it's like this . . . a Mousse is a light, chilled or frozen dessert thickened with gelatin; a Frappe is sweetened fruit juices cooked with water, milk or cream and frozen to a mush; a Parfait is a frozen whipped cream dessert which requires no stirring in the freezing.

There are many ice cream mixes, one of the finest being Jello. By following the simple directions on each can of Mix you can make smooth-textured, excellent ice creams. In making the new frozen desserts be sure that the mixture is chilled before placing it in the freezing tray. Thick mixtures freeze more quickly.

EGG NOG PIE

- 2 teaspoons Knox gelatin
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Borden's Evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped
- 3 teaspoons cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Combine milk and hot water and heat. Dissolve gelatin in cold water, add to hot milk and water. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt added and stir into hot mixture. Return to double boiler and stir until it thickens. Remove from stove and put in refrigerator until cool. Then beat, add rum to taste and fold in beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Pour in baked shell and chill. Jell-O can be used instead by using more and omitting rum.

STRAWBERRY SURPRISE PIE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream
- 2 tablespoons Domino Confectioners Sugar
- 1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin
- Few grains salt
- Rusk Crumb Crust
- 1 pint strawberries
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Sunbeam Vanilla

Whip 1 cup cream; add sugar, vanilla and salt. Spread mixture over shell made of rusk crumbs in a Pyrex pie dish. Wash, hull and halve strawberries. Arrange in rows on cream. Dissolve gelatin according to directions on package. Chill $\frac{1}{2}$ cup gelatin until syrupy, pour over fruit. Chill 4 to 5 hours. Whip remaining cream, force through pastry tube around edge of pie. Make swirled mound of whipped cream in center and place a whole berry on top.



Jean Chatburn is busily preparing that luscious delicacy known as Mother's Delight.

BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Domino Brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 teaspoons Sunbeam Vanilla

Melt sugar and butter in sauce pan, stir to prevent burning and boil 1 minute. Add water and cook until smooth and syrupy. Beat egg yolks, add butterscotch syrup slowly and continue beating. Cook over hot water until light and fluffy. Chill; whip cream. Add salt and vanilla. Combine with egg mixture. Turn into tray and freeze without stirring. Serve in parfait glasses topped with whipped cream. A pleasing variation is to fill glasses with alternate layers of butterscotch mixture and vanilla ice cream and top with whipped cream.

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

Beat the whites of 6 eggs. Add vanilla to taste, 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons Knox gelatin dissolved in a little water. Pour into a mould and place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Slice and serve with either whipped cream or boiled custard. A colorful effect may be achieved by dividing the mixture into 3 parts, leaving 1 part white and coloring the other 2 parts.

ANGEL PARFAIT

This is an entirely new recipe. Boil together 1 cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until it spins a thread. Pour over stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Let cool. Fold in 2 cups whipped cream and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze 3 to 4 hours. Chopped candied fruits and nuts may be used if desired. Add whipped cream to each glass in serving.

MOTHER'S DELIGHT

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- Dole's Pineapple Cubes
- Pecans
- 1 pint sweet milk
- 1 package Knox gelatin
- Bananas
- Del Monte Peaches

Beat eggs and sugar, pour in milk and cook about 10 minutes. Then add gelatin which has been thoroughly dissolved in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water. Cool slightly; add fruits and pecans cut in small pieces. Put in mould and let stand in refrigerator until firm. Unmould and serve with whipped cream. This is a new and never before published recipe.



A Bride Now...

will she keep
Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop — rob YOU of love"



LOVELY SKIN WINS
ROMANCE. SO WHY
TAKE CHANCES
WITH UNATTRACTIVE
COSMETIC SKIN



**Claudette
Colbert**

COSMETIC SKIN
DEVELOPS WHEN PORES
ARE CHOKED WITH
DUST, DIRT AND
STALE COSMETICS.
LUX TOILET SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS
AGAINST THIS DANGER



I ALWAYS
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S THE SAFE, EASY
WAY TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

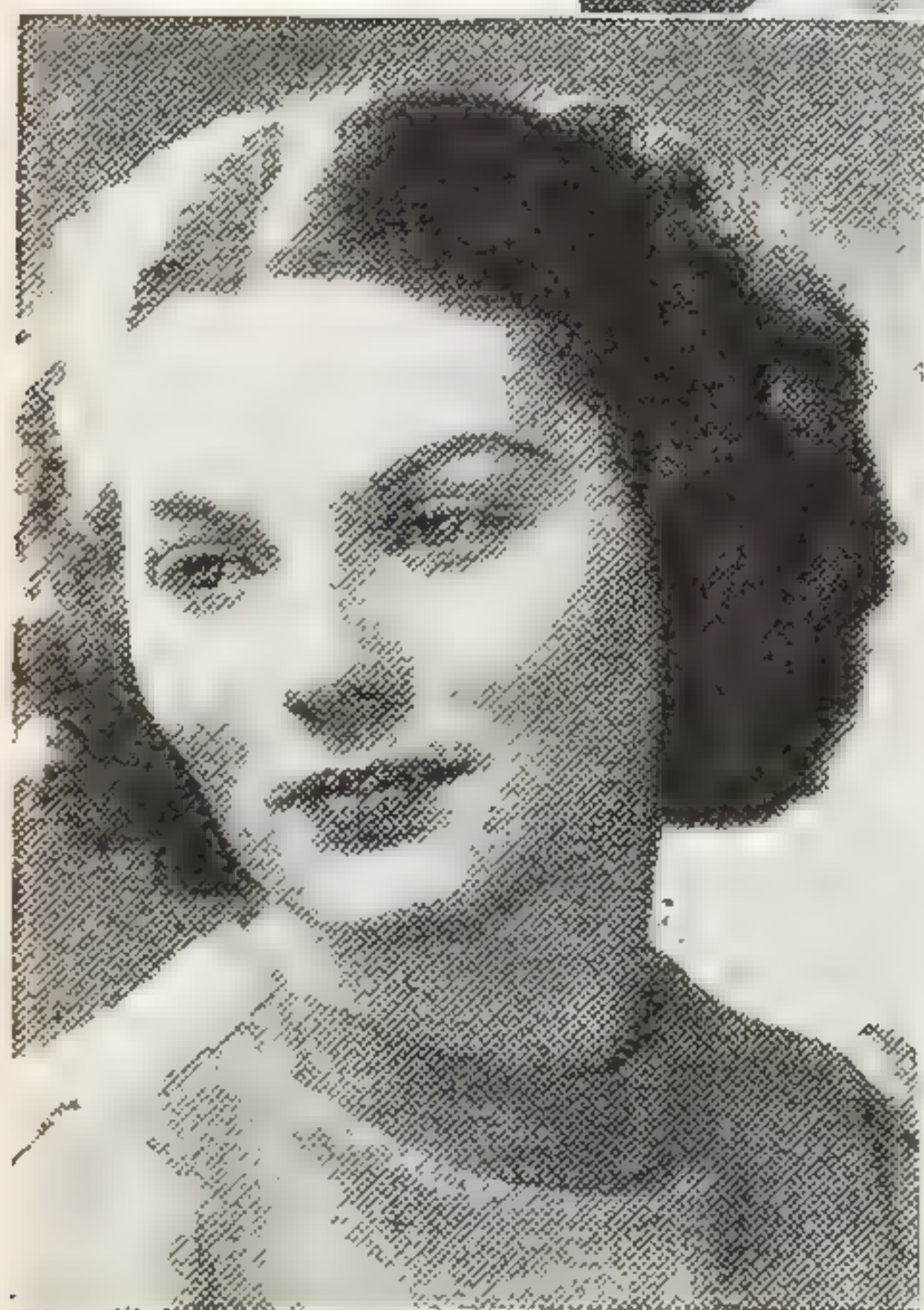


**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

*The greatest make-up
improvement in years*

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is light-proof. If you use it, your face will not shine. Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

Name

St. & No.

P. O. State

(This offer not good in Canada)

The Face On The Cutting Room Floor

[Continued from page 27]

quick. In "Kidnapped," there were 800 extras hired to storm a castle in the Scotland of 1751. For a single day's shooting, 20th Century-Fox paid these extras about \$12,000, and it was a mob scene that could not be transposed to some other picture, because of the 1751 costumes. Yet when the picture was cut, that \$12,000 mob scene was yanked. Zanuck and Werker agreed that while it was spectacular, it smothered the human elements of the story. So they substituted rapid closeups of angry, bitter Scotsmen. The passion in their faces did more to advance the story than the mob-scene.

The fallacy of those who write sob-stories about the "Face on the Cutting Room Floor" is in their premise that Hollywood gets a sadistic pleasure from cutting scenes and performers out of a completed picture. This is a cockeyed notion, of course. The cutting rooms are the yardsticks of waste in this industry. The minute a studio has to start cutting down a film, it is waste and costly waste. So the executives of studios dread the cutting room more than the bit-players dread it.

The second false premise of these sob-story writers is that studio executives, for some strange reason, hate young actors and actresses, and snip them out of a film from sheer devilment. The fact of the matter is that every studio out here spends a fortune in looking for young talent. The studios are happier when they find a youngster of promise than the kid is, because the studios know that a great young performer can be built up into a million dollar box-office attraction.

Radio fans argue that youngsters have a better chance on the air because radio has no "cutting room." You don't say? Radio has a thousand cutting rooms. Sponsors, sitting around conference tables at auditions, are the cutters. They decide whether or not a young singer has talent, whether a comedian is funny, whether a band will appeal, and the radio sponsors have no background of show business to guide their judgment.

Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny are the two head-men of radio, aren't they? The movies gave them both their first chance. Bergen, little more than a year ago, was rejected by National Broadcasting Company, on the grounds that he had nothing to offer to radio!! Jack Benny was released by a motor car company from his radio contract because the motor car magnate's WIFE believed that organ music was more dignified. Oh yes, radio has its own cutting rooms, and sponsors who have suddenly entered show-business are terrible people in their pomposity. Bergen, rejected by radio, was signed by pictures for a series of Warner shorts. Jack Benny goes back a long way in talking pictures at M-G-M. The movies have much keener showmen than radio.

The next time you read some long-winded story detailing the tragedies that occur on the cutting room floors of Hollywood, make up your mind that the writer of that sad story doesn't know what he is talking about.

As a matter of strict reportorial fact, film is never left on the cutting room floor. Fire department laws and fire insurance laws are very strict on this, and, in addition, a cutter who let film drop to the floor and expose it to scorching would find himself out of a job in a hurry. Actually what happens is this: the film, once it is cut, is hung on spikes in a huge metal container cushioned with a protective cloth covering.

Later it is rolled and put into metal cans, which are marked and catalogued before they are filed. So every face ever cut out of any Hollywood picture actually is still on file in this town, rather than trampled out of recognition as the legends would have it.

Time Stands Still

[Continued from page 55]

Carole Lombard and Dolores Del Rio.

Here is how Carole looked back in 1929, before she added the "e" to her name and emerged from the ranks of Mack Sennett bathing beauties. Compare her with the way she appears today. Even though a serious motor accident early in her career threatened her beauty, Carole has overcome that obstacle.

Not only has Carole changed completely in her physical appearance, but there has been as complete a change in her personality as well. Off-screen, she is a direct opposite to the smart, sophisticated woman who walks with dignity and poise before the cameras. Shunning chic clothes which are so much a part of her working hours, she advocates slacks and pyjamas for freedom and comfort. And because she is an even greater comedian in her private life, away from the lenses, it is her sense of humor, her naturalness and love of healthy, outdoor sports which keeps her young and beautiful.

An exact opposite type is the exotic Mexican Dolores Del Rio. The sleek-haired stateliness of Dolores in 1928 has vanished, and in its place we find the more vivacious woman who looks years younger a decade later.

In this instance, Dolores' youthfulness is a matter of having been transplanted to another country and nurtured by new and freer customs. In her home in Mexico, she led the cloistered life that ladies of her station must lead. Her hair was put up when she reached maturity. Her clothes were sedate, as were her surroundings and companions. Naturally she appeared older than her age when she arrived in this country.

A world of sports was opened to her out here, one which she could not enter in her own country. With this, not only her outlook and attitude, but even her style changed. Sports clothes and bright colors replaced the formality of her former apparel. After a time, she found the courage to cut her hair and have it waved, which inevitably was followed by having her eyebrows shaped. Her marriage to Cedric Gibbons fulfilled her happiness and, in the land where gayety is not considered a breach of etiquette, she learned to laugh, live and stay young.

The last nine years have wrought little or no change in Mary Astor's appearance, as both these photographs prove, even though she has become a mother in that time. She has strong powers of adjustment and can meet new and unexpected situations without flinching. Her tendency to conquer difficulty and her philosophy of life have brought her through turmoils outwardly unchanged. She is not vain in a way that would prevent her from listening to the sound judgment and helpful suggestions made by friends. She is determined that nothing can change her and, with the exception of a slight change of coiffure, she remains the same Mary Astor.

Far be it from me to risk disturbing the long-interred rest of Ponce de Leon, nor have I any desire to disrupt the accepted history of our country, so I leave this new bone of contention to be fought out between the Chambers of Commerce in Florida and California. Where is the Fountain of Youth—St. Augustine or Hollywood?

Projection of Jane Withers

[Continued from page 31]

her extremely varied and unusual talents.

One day she tagged along with a little friend and her mother on a "studio interview" and got what seemed to be the "break"—a bit in Fox Films' "Handle with Care." Mrs. Withers in a frenzy of excitement wrote home to everyone in Atlanta to be sure and see the picture, but when it was released Jane was just another face on the cutting room floor. She had been completely cut out by the same studio which a year or so later would make her a star.

There were more bits in pictures, more benefits, more weeks of vaudeville through Southern California, more personal appearances where she gave her famous impersonations of the stars, but no one seemed to be in the least bit of a hurry to "discover" Jane Withers. No contracts were forthcoming.

Then Jane returned to her first love—radio. She was selected from among five hundred children to star in KFWB's Juvenile Revue, in which she was known as "The Pest" and "The Nuisance," singing and gagging with the master of ceremonies. Her flexible voice brought her several inconspicuous film roles when she was chosen to dub the voices from anywhere from two to six characters in Warner Brothers' "Luney Tunes" and for thirteen of the "Willie Whopper" series for Animated Cartoons. So you movie-goers heard Jane on the screen long before you saw her.

And then came October 1934. And the first real "break." Mrs. Withers, hearing that David Butler was looking for a little girl to play a brat in a Shirley Temple



What a beautiful bathing suit! But, then, any suit would look marvelous on Margaret Sullavan. She wears it in "Three Comrades."

picture, hurried over to the Fox Studio where Casting Director James Ryan was doing the "interview." The most promising youngsters were sent in to see David Butler, and in the batch was Jane. Mr. Butler glanced hastily at Jane, told Mrs.

Withers he liked her little girl and to "stand by" for a studio call. "Stand by," as Mrs. Withers, knew, was just another form of the studio run-around.

"What did Mr. Butler say?" Mr. Ryan asked her when she and Jane returned to the casting office.

"He told me to stand by," said Mrs. Withers rather bitterly. "I've been standing by for two and a half years now, Mr. Ryan, and I can't get Jane a chance to show what she can do. How can anybody get started if no one will give them the break?" (How often, oh how often, has that been said in Hollywood!)

Seeing the sorrow and exasperation in her mother's face little Jane thought it was time for her to take over.

"Would you like to see my impersonations?" she asked Mr. Ryan, and before he could stop her she had gone into her "act."

Two minutes later Mr. Ryan was shouting, "Does Mr. Butler know she can do all this?" Grabbing Jane by her arm he rushed her into the inner office and said, "Jane, do your stuff."

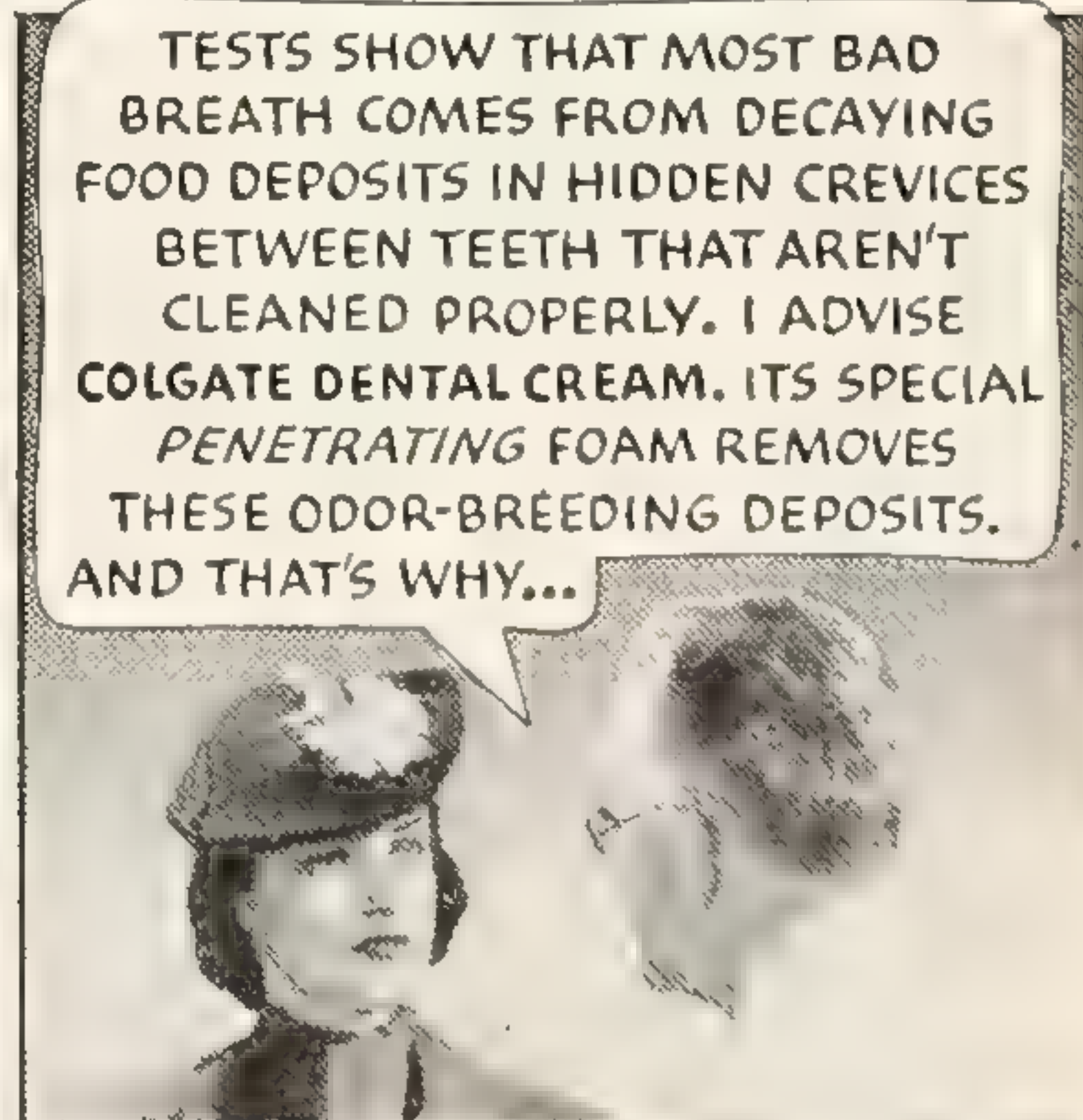
When Jane had finished, the surprised David Butler exclaimed, "Is there anything you can't do?" Jane admitted that there wasn't. She got the part.

So Jane Withers pinched Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes" and immediately became a star. When the fan mail and rave press reviews started coming in Fox Films yanked out a contract at once for Mrs. Withers to sign. Jane next appeared with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—and ever since then has been the star of her own pictures. Among her better pictures have been "Ginger," "Gentle Julia," "Pepper," "The Holy Terror," "Angel's Holiday," "45 Fathers," "Checkers," and "Gypsy."

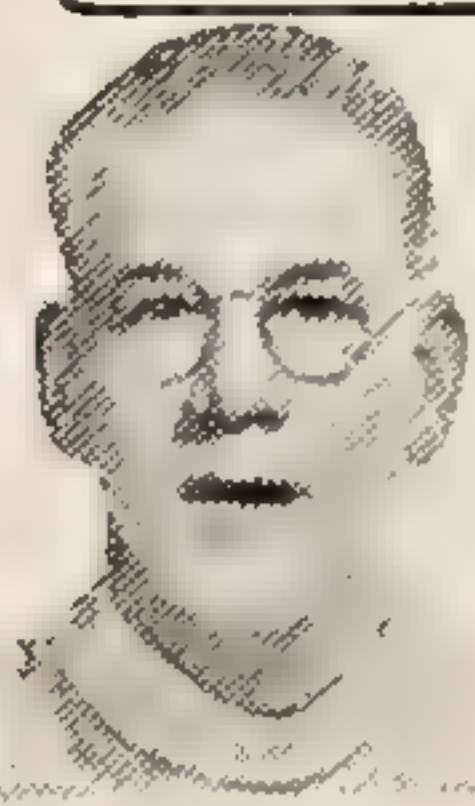
Irvin S. Cobb once said of Jane, "If Jane Withers is a sample of what a movie career



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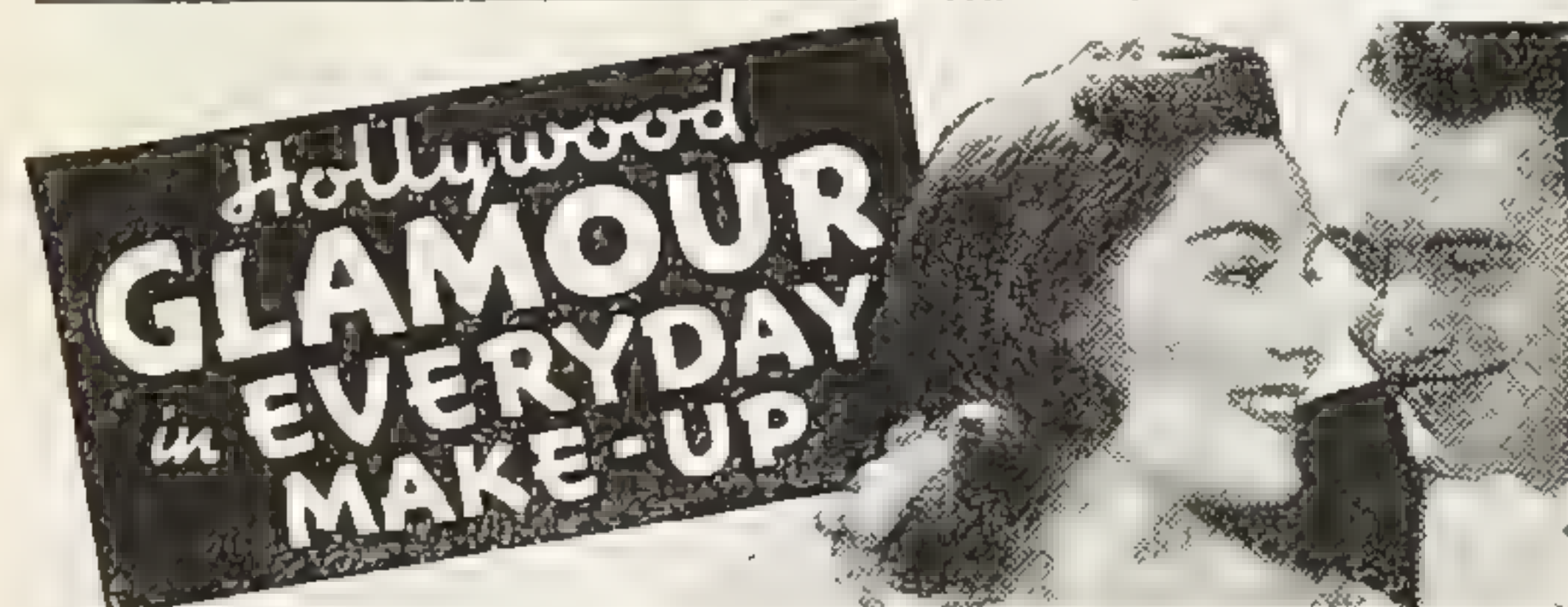
ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more effective*! Empties the bowels thoroughly and more smoothly in less time than before.

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does for children a law should be passed forcing all youngsters to have theatrical experience as part of their regular schooling. I have yet to know a sweeter, more well-bred, gentle, considerate, and wholly natural little girl. She's a completely unaffected, healthy child, and at the same time a swell little trouser who knows everybody's dialogue better than they do and yet isn't smart about prompting the rest of us who aren't blessed with perfect memories. If she doesn't like playing simpering ingenues when she grows up she can always be a fine comedienne."

It is a well known fact in Hollywood that actors and actresses had rather take roach poison than play in pictures with children and animals. Alice Faye has never forgotten the little cutie-pie who said to her one day on the set, "I wish you would stop imitating me." And Carole Lombard works up a fine wrath when reminded of the precocious youngster who said to her when she blew up in her lines, "Haven't you got a memory? I always remember my lines." But there have never been any complaints about Jane Withers. Players in her pictures swear by her. She never sasses or upstages them. Thanks to her mother, Jane is one of the best brought up little girls in America.

At the age of four, in Atlanta, Jane had a habit of picking up stray articles and bringing them home. One day after a visit to a friend's house Mrs. Withers discovered that her little daughter had walked off with a lipstick. To impress Jane that it was a naughty thing to do Mrs. Withers said, "Don't you know that it's stealing to take things that don't belong to you? Didn't you hear God telling you not to do it, Jane?"

"No, Mother," answered Jane very seriously, "I didn't. He'll have to talk louder next time."

A few lectures and a few well placed slaps and Jane gave up her picking up habit. The studio "props" are perfectly safe with Jane. And that's more than the stage manager can say for some of the adult actors.

Jane's next bad habit was biting her fingernails and Mrs. Withers really had an awful time with that. But last New Year's Jane made a serious resolution not to bite her nails during the year, and so far she has succeeded in keeping it. If when January 1st, 1939, rolls around and

Jane hasn't bitten a nail she will get any twelve dolls that she wants to add to her already vast collection. She has more than three hundred dolls and spends endless hours sewing for them, and dressing and undressing them. She has many unusual dolls in her collection, including a real Hopi Indian Katchina (ceremonial) doll, but her favorites are "Rosie," a rag doll which she stuffed and sewed herself, and "Alice Faye," a very chic doll that recently won an award for the best dressed doll in America.

Right at present Jane is being punished for being a little too impulsive. Recently when she returned from her personal appearance tour in Eastern cities she had a great desire to see her horses, which are kept in a Bel Air stable, so she and David Mathers, a neighboring youngster, dashed off for the stables without saying a word to Mr. Withers. They decided to do a bit of jumping so Jane gave David "Bingo," who is a good jumper, and she took "Red Fox," who doesn't like to jump. He balked at a fence and Jane went right over his head. Fortunately she wasn't even scratched. "Oh boy," said Jane picking herself up, "I certainly am glad Mother wasn't here to see that." But Mother was there. She suspected where her little offspring had gone, without her permission, and arrived just in time to see her go sailing through the air. Jane will not be allowed to ride either of her horses for two months.

Jane's last appearance on a horse was in Chicago where she was doing a personal appearance. "It would be a lot more fun," said Jane to the Chief of Police who supplied her with a mounted police escort, "to ride to the theatre on a horse than in a taxi." So the Chief presented her with a horse and Jane rode to the theatre in fine style. It was all pretty exciting, as Chicago was out in mobs.

But the most exciting day of Jane's life was the day she played a real clown in a real circus. Jane, who had attended the Al. G. Barnes circus in Hollywood with Jackie Searl as a pre-birthday treat, met the manager of the circus, and after assuring him that she wasn't afraid of wild animals, and promising not to interfere with the circus in any way, was given a tentative promise that she could perform in the ring. Several days of wardrobe tests intervened, then Jane went up to Ventura,



Don Ameche, Simone Simon and Robert Young. They are in "Josette," but this is a moment of relaxation.

California, with her mother and her teacher, to "really join the circus as a clown." All dressed up in the clothes and sandy wig of Doodles de Mars, the world's only living feminine clown, liberally smeared with red-spotted white paint, Jane was already to go into the ring when the question of a labor permit came up. The answer was "No" and Jane cried until long distance telephone calls granted her permission to go to Santa Barbara the following night and perform.

Without any publicity, Jane appeared in the ring three times as "Dr. De Toe," with a buggy in which rode the circus quintuplet dogs. At the end, she appeared with the entire circus band, vocally imitating the neighing of a horse in momentary musical silences and ad libbing action which brought cheers from the audience. What a thrilling night that was. And how breathlessly her pals listened to her colorful account of it. A performer in a real circus. What could be more wonderful! Jane's pals are Jane Arnold, daughter of Edward Arnold, Barbara Bletcher, Donald and Phyllis Henderson, non-professionals, Jackie Searl, and David Mathers, a neighbor and son of a minister.

Jane is simply mad about animals, all animals, and her ten-room home in Westwood (only last year did the unassuming Withers give up their inexpensive apartment) is fortunately surrounded by two acres of hillside which she has converted into a menagerie. Let Jane describe her pets:

"My live pets have special places to live. We have a knotty pine chicken house, where my 10 turkeys, and 24 white Leghorn chickens, and two Chinese Silkies (they're hens, too) and 10 pheasants and the baby bantams live. And we have little houses and run-ways where my dogs—'Rex,' a Belgian police; 'Lord Redfield, Jr.,' a champion Irish setter; 'Shadow,' a Scottie, and two cocker Spaniels—'Buddy' and 'Tippy,' play. My four cats—the three Ritz Brothers and 'Snow White,' a pure white Persian—are all over the house and very good friends of the dogs. 'Senorita,' the parrot, who talks and cries if you don't talk to her, lives in her cage in the patio of the living room; 'Ranger' and 'Maud,' the big turtles who live in my cactus garden, eat lettuce out of my hand. I used to have 'Dizzy' and 'Daffy,' baby goats, a guinea pig, and a real live bay fox, until the neighbors objected, so some friends of mine are taking care of them for me. The last time I counted, there were 189 tropical fish in our pond, but they multiply and move so fast it's pretty hard to count them.

"Then there are my horses, 'Red Fox,' a chestnut sorrel, and 'Bingo,' the Buckskin pony I got from Jackie Searl. 'Bingo' is probably the smartest horse in the world. If I ask him if he's met you, he shakes his head 'no' from side to side, and if I ask him if he'd like to meet you, he nods his head up and down to say 'yes.' If I ask him how much 2 and 3 are or how many days in the week, he taps his left forepaw the right number of times, and when I thank him and tell him his answers were correct, he takes a bow. Then, if I pretend I'm too tired to walk and ask him what to do about it, he nuzzles his head into my back and pushes me over to where his saddle is kept, and I saddle him and away we ride!"

The most recent newcomer to the Withers homestead is a cute little Peke who was given to Jane in Chicago by two admiring fans, Eugene and Edward Johnson. Jane promptly named him "Suzy Q" because he wiggled so much. She took him on the stage one day with her in Chicago and discovered that he was very talented at taking bows, so now she has made him a part of her "act." She pays him a regular salary every time he makes a personal appearance, and

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...AND I KNOW A LITTLE COTTAGE IN BERMUDA THAT WOULD BE SWELL FOR A HONEYMOON!

OH, BILL DARLING... HOW WONDERFUL! (AND TO HERSELF) I'LL ALWAYS GUARD MY DAINTINESS THE LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET WAY!

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You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

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HAIR ON FACE
 ARMS, LEGS and BODY
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the money she puts in a Christmas fund for him. "Suzy Q" immediately took over the prettiest bassinet in her doll nursery when he arrived in Westwood. "Suzy Q" feels that the best is none too good for "Suzy Q."

A year ago, Jane started a fund to educate a talented little orphan of her own age. Climaxing her Mother's Day talk from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, she gave a check for \$100 to Dr. Stewart MacLennan, and promised to add to it regularly so that the education and talents of the chosen child will be taken care of adequately until she reaches maturity. The child chosen as recipient of Jane Withers' fund is twelve-year-old Geraldine Coker, daughter of a widowed waitress with four daughters to support. Geraldine wants to become a concern pianist, so Jane bought her a brand new piano, and arranged for her music lessons. Geraldine's music instructor had a recital for his pupils at the Town House in Los Angeles recently and Jane was right there in the front row applauding furiously.

Jane sings in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday. She also has the honor and distinction of bringing more new members to the Church than anyone else. During a recent membership drive she brought in fifty members one Sunday morning. "But how did you do it, Jane?" her Sunday School teacher asked her. "Oh," said Jane, "it was easy. All I did was to go to someone's house, ring the bell, and whoever came to the door I said, 'Won't you please go to church with me next Sunday?'" Very few people it seemed could resist a personal invitation from Jane Withers to go to church with her.

Says Jane about her schoolwork, "Miss Lola Figland, my teacher, has just promoted me to the high seventh grade. She went with Mummy and me on my personal appearance tour, because I have to have my school work three hours a day no matter where I am, even though I'm a year ahead at lessons. I have history, arithmetic, spelling, English literature, grammar and composition, history, French, Spanish and drawing."

Jane's astonishing memory naturally keeps her ahead of her age in school studies.

Flashshots

[Continued from page 25]

Jon Hall came back to town for a week and duplicated his great personal success of some months ago. The high point was undoubtedly the grand cocktail party given for him by his friend, Mrs. Dorothy Sperber. Most of New York's bright young people turned out to meet "Hurricane" Hall and every room in the apartment was crowded with people. Which explains why they were driven into a corner when I finally caught up with them. By "they" I mean Hall, Mary Brian and hostess Dorothy Sperber.

Another star who has been having a whirl is Irene Dunne, with her husband, Dr. Griffith. He, like all good doctors, avoids the camera like the plague, and only once have I caught him. That was the picture which I took of him and his wife at the Trocadero in Hollywood last summer. One of Irene Dunne's best friends is that international socialite Beth Leary who has been called the "Uncrowned Queen" of Biarritz. With them, the night the photo was taken, was Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the writer, whose mother is still the acknowledged leader of that social set Neil turned his back on even before he wrote "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Merle Oberon was hardly off the Conte di Savoia before she was off to dance with Stuart Scheftel, one of the more popular men-about-town, as her escort. She wore a silver lame evening dress and her coat was of ermine with sleeves of mink. The next night she wore a dress that was a mist of grey tulle, and had tiny diamond clips in her ears. The Allan Jones (Irene Hervey) were sitting across the room from her, with Kitty Carlisle.

That morning I had gone to the Waldorf-Astoria where the Jones' had one of the tower suites, thirty-six floors up. There was a heavy fog outside and it was impossible to see the street below. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were immensely interested in the stories in the papers about their arrival and were reading one of them when I took their picture. While he was East, Allan Jones went down to his native town of Scranton, Pa., where the Mayor received him and there was a public celebration in his honor. Which must have been quite a kick for a twenty-four year old returning home.

I have always thought, and still think, that Dolores del Rio is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Nine years ago, when I had just gotten out of college, she posed for a water color sketch that is one of my favorite pictures. She and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, came back from Europe recently and were given a round of parties. One night I saw them with the James Forrestals and Winston Guest, the polo player. There is no question but that the top rank Hollywood players have a definite position in New York's cosmopolitan smart set. Bruce Cabot, Paulette Goddard, Randolph Scott, Gladys Swarthout, William Powell are others beside the Gary Coopers, Irene Dunne and the Fredric Marches whom I've already mentioned, who certainly "belong."

When you get three such wits as Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart's wife, Bea, and Helen Hayes' husband, Charles McArthur, together the talk is bound to be electrically brilliant.

I seem to have caught Gertude Niesen in the middle of a joke and the beginning of a rumba. Gertude still belongs more to Broadway than Hollywood, and I think she always will.



Scene from "Gold Diggers in Paris." Rudy Vallee and Rosemary Lane filled with pep de vie.

Continued Next Week

[Continued from page 29]

his spontaneous humor and boyish vitality to the part of the son, *Andy*, and a fine surrounding cast, two more of these simple, homely dramas, "You're Only Young Once" and "Judge Hardy's Children" have found a warm welcome with film fans throughout the country.

Three stories are now being prepared for filming, "The Hardy's Out West," "The Hardy's Ride High" and "Love Comes to Andy Hardy." George B. Seitz will continue to direct, and as a father of a family of his own, he knows all of youth's idiosyncrasies, and the simple incidents that make up the average daily life. An interesting phase is that the entire cast and crew have drifted into a warm, family camaraderie, having coffee together each morning and tea in the afternoon, and discussing the affairs of the Hardys as if they were indeed, their very own.

The Twentieth Century-Fox studio seem completely "sold" on the series of pictures idea. Already, they have "Charlie Chan" the "Jones Family" and "Mr. Moto," and are plotting two more, one with June Lang as heroine in "The Modern Girl" sequence, and one concerning the exploits of the newsreel cameraman, and these will bring the pictures in series up to ten, at the various studios.

The "Jones Family," with its sincere human joys and sorrows of the average American household, walked right into the hearts of all the You's and Me's throughout the country in their very first picture, "Every Saturday Night" that reached the screen in February, 1935. With no extravagant settings, no expensive cast, and costing around \$100,000 per picture, these films have set a record in popularity. Individually, the players may not burn up much electricity on theatre marquees, but united in these heart-warming dramas they form an important star combination that is making screen history. The box-office value has increased so greatly that the studio has placed the eight members of the Family under long-term contract to insure continuance of the series, has doubled the budget for expenditures on each picture, and mapped out a three-picture a year schedule.

When casting for the "Jones Family" the biggest problem was finding a group of players who resembled each other sufficiently to appear related and those finally selected actually look like a family. From Florence Roberts, as the modern Grandmother, to Jed Prouty as Dad, Spring Byington as Mother, down through the five children, they all have the same round noses and other similar characteristics. Prouty, after fifty years of theatrical experience, insists he's the happiest man in Hollywood to be rounding out his career as head of this famous family. He says there is a fine continuity of emotions because each player is building up the same character and the same general theme in each picture, and he added that he often finds himself thinking in terms of the Joneses, and worrying over his brood between pictures like an old fussy-budget.

The "Charlie Chan" films stand as the longest-lived series in the history of motion pictures. The first one, "Chan Carries On" with Warner Oland playing the role of the suave Chinese detective, was released in March, 1931, and the next picture, soon to start, will be the seventeenth. Studio officials estimate that between thirty and forty million fans in this country alone, see each Chan film, while foreign countries, especially China, increase these figures tremendously.

The Earl Derr Biggers' famous character

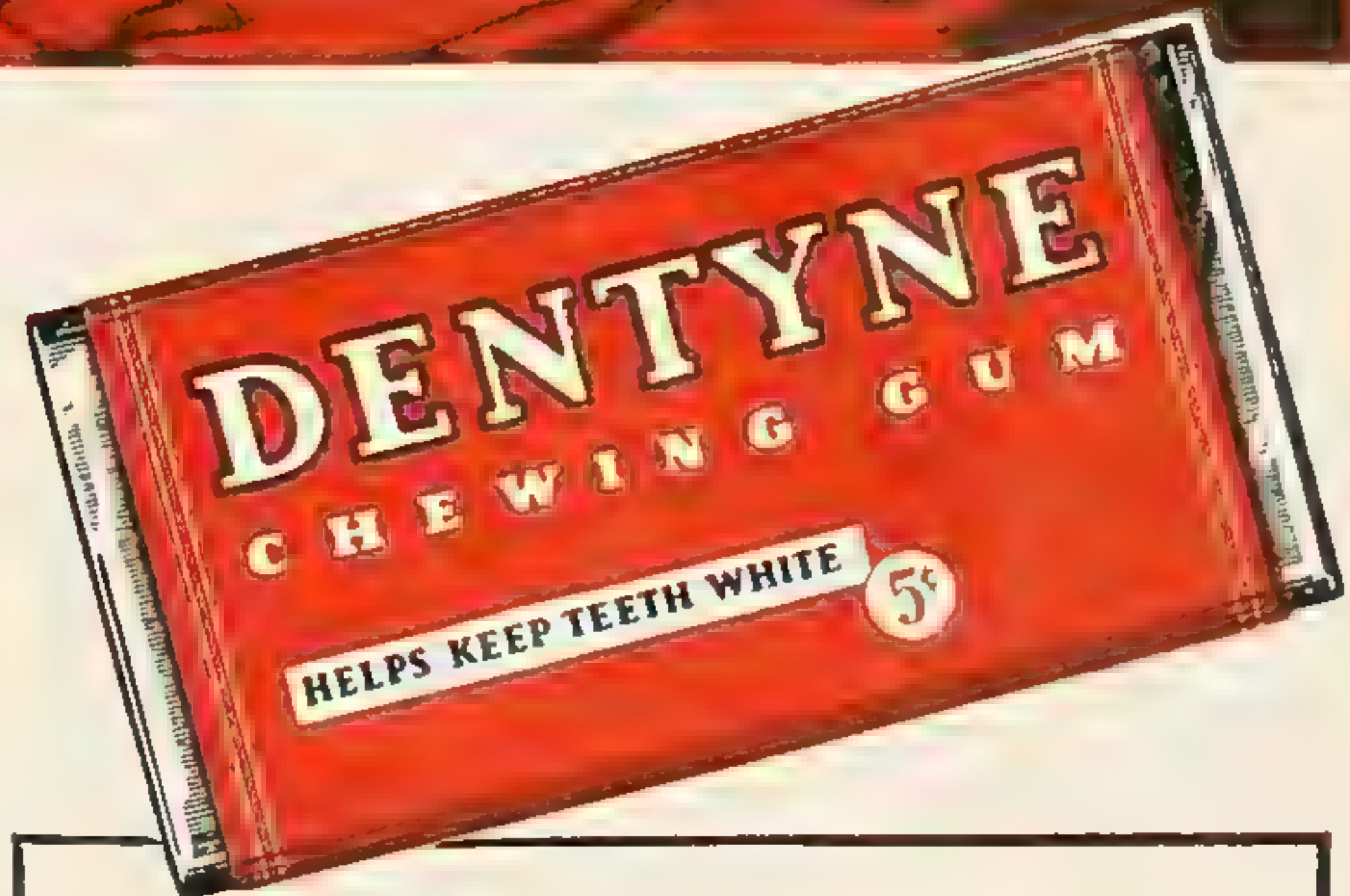
Not much of an artist but

His ancient picture-writings tell us today how he lived, what he ate. Scientists say his tough, primitive foods kept his teeth strong and healthy. Our soft modern foods give teeth too little real exercise.



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THE HUBINGER CO., No. 561, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

made two false starts on the screen before the studio discovered, after testing twenty actors, that Oland was the real Charlie Chan, and he created the Oriental impression wholly without make-up. It's all in his expression: he droops his mouth, pushes his eyes together, and presto, this Swedish actor looks so Chinese that half of his fans believe he comes from China.

Keye Luke, the young Chinese born American, became Chan's *First Son* in the seventh picture and has continued in this part, the two playing together in charming harmony that makes the relationship wholly believable.

The "Mr. Moto" series, featuring clever Peter Lorre, while very successful has struck a snag because of the hero's being a Japanese, and at present the fate of these pictures is a bit uncertain.

Paramount has the "Hopalong Cassidy" glamorous Westerns with good looking Bill Boyd ridin' and shootin' and lovin' his way through a series of stirring adventures, set amid some of California's most gorgeous scenery. This studio also sponsors the "Bulldog Drummond" detective yarns of Scotland Yard, and these have done much toward re-establishing John Barrymore to his rightful place on the screen.

Universal's faith in serials has never waned and each year four of these thrillers are produced. The newest, "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars," starring Buster Crabbe, rates such high approval for both adult and juvenile audiences, that it is being booked in the big first-run theatres throughout the country. With this feather in its cap, Universal is giving its historical chapter-story, "Flaming Frontiers," with John Mack Brown, an elaborate and careful production to continue this miracle booking, if possible.

Columbia puts out four serials each year and recently completed a most ambitious production of "The Secret of Treasure Island." This is a fantastic story pointed especially to juvenile audiences, with buried treasures, secret islands, half torn maps, ghosts, and other elements that hit the tops in suspense. Such grand actors as Hobart Bosworth, Grant Withers, Colin Campbell and William Farnum are in the cast.

It takes six weeks to make a serial, on an eight hour a day schedule, and the idea is to build up three smashing thrills to each episode. The director concentrates on the first three chapters for he must be able to create enough interest in these to insure a steady audience for the remaining twelve, or it is a flop.

Columbia's recent "Mysterious Pilot" introduced a novel idea with a set of trailers that accompanied each episode. These carried a complete fifteen-lesson course on the fundamentals of flying and, naturally, this made a hit with men and boys everywhere.

Republic goes in for the picture series with its popular "The Three Mesquiteers," which recently completed its third year with eight pictures each year. Bob Livingston, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune have appeared in every film as the tri-powered dynamite heroes who bring fear into the hearts of the lawless. They scatter their efforts with each picture, sometimes battling train robbers, sometimes lawless ranchers, again it will be cattle thieves and other menaces, but they always bring order out of the chaos.

Today, producers, seeing the wide-spread popularity and increasing markets for serials and picture series, are selecting stories of higher quality, and giving them better casts and productions—there's a suspicion growing that more audiences enjoy beautiful scenic Westerns, action filled thrillers, and human interest dramas, than applaud the elaborate spectacles. Anyway, the public must be pleased!



Dot Lamour and Ray Milland in "Tropic Holiday." Even their names go well together!

Party Plans

[Continued from page 34]

these close friends, and watch your party die on its feet!

Bette Davis told me, "I would never dare attempt a party of fifty, since the risk of including too many jarring elements would be great. Twenty-five guests is my limit, and I think dinner parties of eight are ideal."

In this way, you see, it's possible to entertain each little group separately!

Dolores Del Rio has another reason for giving small parties. She says, "Large parties to me are exhausting, and since it's certain that an exhausted, nervous hostess cannot help but impart that feeling to her guests, thereby spoiling their evening, I prefer small dinner parties of not more than a dozen. My own parties are rarely given outside my home, since I enjoy every moment of their preparation."

A carefully chosen guest list for Miss Del Rio's dinner in honor of Douglas Fairbanks Jr., last year included Marlene Dietrich, Rudolph Seiber, Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, Gwili Andre, Fritz Lang, Countess di Frasso, Willis Goldbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Milestone, Errol Flynn, and the Earl of Warwick. Only another hostess can appreciate the clever mingling of personalities in this cosmopolitan grouping!

Working schedules are the bane of social activities in the film colony. Lucky is the hostess who doesn't have half her guest list apologizing at the eleventh hour because they must work that night—or must leave for location at five o'clock the following morning!

One faux pas Hollywood hostesses must avoid is asking stars without inviting their lesser known spouses. Surprisingly this often happens, especially to hostesses who don't keep up on who is married to whom. Leslie Howard was once invited without Mrs. Howard, who went along anyway. "Oh, did you come too?" asked the hostess naively. The Howards never attended another affair at that house! Will Rogers, invited to a party without Mrs. Rogers, attended—but sent the hostess a bill for his services. Since his wife was not included in the invitation, he considered it a "personal appearance," not a social visit. And the hostess had to pay! Social ostracism is the reward

of would-be hostesses who are guilty of such bad manners.

Another horror for the hostess—if you can bear it—is the servant problem, which is different in Hollywood (and worse!) than anywhere else. One star told me, "Cooks collect stars just as other fans collect autographs," and as soon as the whipper-upper of your French pastry grows tired of your pictures, he'll go to work for Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo.

Hollywood still talks of the Warren Williams' dinner for fifty, when the guests were kept waiting one hour for dessert after the main course had been served. Seated at small tables around the swimming pool, they watched with amazement when finally the butler came in lugging huge cans containing ice cream packed in salt. His face was red and his eyes despairing, and he explained desperately that the cook had gone berserk in the kitchen, brandished a large carving knife, and refused to let him serve the remainder of the dinner in style!

(For some reason, cooks often go nuts in Hollywood, as Fay Wray could tell you. Maybe it's because the stars honestly can't tell beforehand whether they'll finish work at seven—or at one in the morning!)

Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida, Hollywood's Number One party-givers, go on the theory that "Good food and wine are essentials of a successful party, plus beautifully gowned women and witty men."

Basil told me, "It's much easier to give a large party when you have a 'theme' to work around," and he proved this brilliantly with his "Bride and Groom" party, to which everyone came dressed as some famous wedded couple of history.

Following this example were the Jack Oakies, with their "Gone With the Wind" party, with everyone in character and Scarlett O'Hara predominating; the Pat O'Briens' "Gay Nineties" party; and Marion Davies' "Circus Party," all providing guests' paradise.

These famous hosts evidently believe that if your party is large enough, each set will find its own corner and feudists will be kept apart. Marion Davies also arranges a constant parade of talented entertainers to keep the guests amused, and if a feud starts, it is smothered in the general hilarity.

Costume parties are usually successful, perhaps because they give each starlet a chance to look her most ravishing. Once an actor, always an actor—and the stars go to town creating clever characterizations for their one-night performances. Dolores Del Rio is always a dramatic picture at costume parties. Marion Davies looks her best in picture hats and ringlets. Jeanette MacDonald's lovely figure lends itself to laces and furbelows.

Confusing to the new hostess in Hollywood is the fact that box office topnotchers do not always shine in the drawing room. Shirley Temple has hardly reached the hostess age. Clark Gable prefers a gun to dancing pumps. Tyrone Power, Wayne Morris, Sonja Henie and other starry newcomers have not joined the social whirl. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are not alone in preferring to hot-dog it, rather than putting on the dog. Bette Davis, Kay Francis and others prefer small groups of old friends. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee admit that society bores them. Fred Astaire is almost a hermit, so far as parties go.

Surprisingly, however, the stars are easily entertained—once you have arranged a tactful guest list, rehearsed the servants, and arranged for an orchestra. And this year Hollywood, like all the rest of the world, chose its favorite entertainer of the moment as its Number One Guest. Yes, we mean that fascinating little dummy—Charlie McCarthy. Be sure he will come, and your party is bound to be a huge success!

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



**She doesn't dream that
underarm odor is the reason
men pass her by!**

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration*,

but Mum prevents odor *before it starts*. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive*!

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible*!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's *SAFE* and *SURE*.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

lovely
MARY ASTOR
featured in the
Columbia picture
"There's Always
A Woman"



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Clear eyes mean lovely eyes

Don't let your eyes get *tired* from over-exposure to the sun, wind or glaring light. You can never look your best when your eyes are red or squinting.

Take this simple precaution: wear SOLAREX dark lens goggles whenever you face the wind or harsh light. Their *darker* lenses are scientifically treated to shut out 94% of the sun's harmful infra-red rays, without distorting natural colors. They're soothing to your eyes; flattering with any costume — the smart beauty habit that so many Hollywood stars have adopted. Ask for them by name: SOLAREX — the country's beauty goggles.



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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

FOOT PLASTER



In Quest of Atmosphere

[Continued from page 33]

"It's peculiar that I should come back from Europe to act out a role that must have dozens of parallels in Spain itself." Miss Carroll looked thoughtful and dreamy. "What a shock it must be to live in a world so peaceful and full of charm like this location—which is supposed to be Spain—and then suddenly awake one morning to find airplanes raining bombs and destruction upon you, your friends being killed and maimed for life and a world of love turned into a world of fear—not know the reason for it or what purpose can be accomplished by all the bitterness and bloodshed." And the star closed her eyes and shook her head. "And we call ourselves civilized!" she added.

"In this picture I play a girl who is accused of being a spy because her father, unknown to her, has become the ally of a professional war-making propagandist. In playing the part I naturally give it all of the emotional feeling I can but in Europe there must be many girls playing my character in real life and I shudder to think of their experiences. I love the character because for once I am not expected to be decorative and a clothes-model, I really have a part that demands a good deal of expression and human understanding and each new scene is a challenge. Besides, Mr. Dieterle is a splendid director, so painstaking and so considerate of his people, and Henry and Leo are a lot of fun."

Before I could ask Miss Carroll for a few of her beauty secrets she was called to the set for more dramatics in the mud and mire of the valley of war. Her maid, however told me that the beautiful blonde star (and she isn't as blonde as she used to be because she has let her tresses go back to their naturally honey color) trains for a picture much like an athlete. Up at six, a light breakfast after a shower, a two-mile hike along the beach (She lives by the seashore the year round) a fast ride to the studios, a luncheon of cottage cheese with chives and one sliced tomato, a modest dinner in the studio dressing room after work, a massage after her shower and then a quick drive home so that she can be asleep before nine-thirty—that's her routine while working.

"I seldom go for a dip in the ocean," Miss Carroll told me later in the day, "but I was raised along the seashore as a child in England and I love the smell of the cold, clear sea air at Malibu. Sometimes the

breakers come pounding in like the roar of cannons, but after you get used to it you sleep like a log and when you get up in the morning and go outside for a brisk walk the sea air lifts you up and you start off the new day invigorated and thoroughly alive."

We found Miss Carroll and Mr. Fonda and Mr. Carrillo regular folks those days on location. Carrillo didn't know whether he wanted to give up his acting career to heed the cry for him to be a candidate for governor of California or not. "I'll have to give up a quarter of a million dollars to do it," he explained. "I love my state and all the people in it and I really feel that I might be able to contribute something, but four years from now perhaps things will be different and then if I have any political ambitions I'll run. Right now I think I had better stick to my acting. I can still be a good citizen and help my state in many ways. But, I've had to engage two secretaries to answer the mail I get from folks who want a native son for governor and I've had to cut down on my sleeping to take care of my dictation." Carrillo fulfilled 17 speaking dates at colleges, banquets and town meetings during the filming of "The Rising Tide."

"Say, just a minute," Fonda called out to me as I prepared to leave the location for home, "Don't you realize you haven't asked to see a picture of my baby all day?"

When I realized it I apologized profoundly and Henry snapped open his watch charm and showed me a tiny print of an ever-so-sweet cherub with her mouth wide open in a determined yawn. "I made it when she was six days old; reminds me of a little bird opening its bill for a piece of crust," he said with his proudest paternal grin, and I nodded. Fonda's baby, Jayne Seymour, has given him a double interest in his pet hobby—miniature photography. "I've made over 400 shots of her since she was born," the actor said. "Well, how about giving me one for my paper to print?" I asked.

"Uh-ugh!" replied Henry, wagging his head, "Jayne isn't a publicity baby, you know. My acting business is one thing but my baby—well, she's just our baby, that's all." And as we walked toward the car and left Henry looking at the baby picture again we liked him all the more because he meant what he said—acting is one thing and a real, happy homelife is something else.

You really know people when you 'get down on the ground with 'em' one actor once told me, and it proved true on this location for "The Adventuress."



A candid shooter aims at Martha Raye while a photographer catches both.

Stage Door Johnnies

[Continued from page 21]

at the stage door to greet her when she left. He was a very much surprised cowboy when he turned up in full regalia—boots, spurs, red silk shirt—a florist's box in one hand and his ten gallon hat in the other, and doing his darnedest to control his furious blushes, only to discover the crowd that was also waiting to see his girl friend.

Nino Martini, the dashing Italian tenor, has a Stage Door Jill he has never seen. Instead of coming herself, she sends a Western Union boy. After everyone of his broadcasts she sends him a note of appreciation and a red rose, both delivered by messenger. After they had been coming for some weeks, Nino asked the boy if he knew the identity of the sender, who never signed her name to the notes. "Mister," replied the boy, "I'm paid to say nothing," and nothing was all Nino found out.

Fannie Brice, who worked on the musical stage when a Stage Door Johnny carried flowers instead of autograph books and invited an actress out to a champagne supper instead of asking her to stake him to doughnuts and coffee, once had an experience with a radio S.D.J. that distinctly showed he was no gentleman.

It happened when she was broadcasting from New York and appearing in a musical show at the same time. A chap accosted her as she was leaving the broadcasting stage door to hurry to the theatre stage door. He presented her with a crayon drawing of herself which he said he had made, and in return asked her for her autograph. Pleased and flattered, she graciously signed her name on his proffered pad.

The payoff came the following payday. Fannie found she was minus \$6.60 on her paycheck. Inquiry brought to light the fact that the day before a young man had presented a signed note from her for tickets. The young man was undoubtedly the artist who, knowing something about the theatre business, had written "O.K. 2" above Miss Brice's signature, and presented it at the box-office for two \$3.30 seats, the best in the house. As Fannie had already used up her quota of weekly passes, she was charged for the seats. Much sadder and wiser, she has since adopted a backhand writing for signing autographs that differs very much from her signature on important papers.

Most of the Stage Door Johnnies and Jills are really autograph collectors who come to carry away something rather than bring something to the objects of their affection, and they do provide many amusing moments. For Eddie Cantor to leave the studio until at least an hour after a broadcast is a physical impossibility. He has to shake hands with two or three hundred people, pose for candid camera fans and sign his name to everything conceivable.

Gracie Allen is besieged by folks who thrust into her hands suggestions for dumb and wise cracks, and by those who insist that she accompany her signature in their albums with a silly-sally. At one time she noticed that a not-too-clean little boy had turned up three weeks in succession, clutching a small cactus plant in his hand. Each time he would sit forlornly on the fire escape near the stage door and look sadly at the crowd around Gracie. Curiosity got the better of her after the third week and she went over to question him. But before she could say a word he said: "Here, this is for you. I heard you say you wanted George to sit on a cactus and this is the sharpest I could find," and before she could thank him, he ran away.

After a recent broadcast, Dick Powell accompanied by wife Joan Blondell, ran out through a secret door. Two girls saw them sprint for their car and followed. Dick

They give you *FRESH* Faces



They Keep Stars Fresh!

Who keeps your favorite moviestar looking so *FRESH*? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you *FRESH* FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you *FRESHNESS* in cigarettes.

Old Gold gives you *FRESH* CIGARETTES

HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

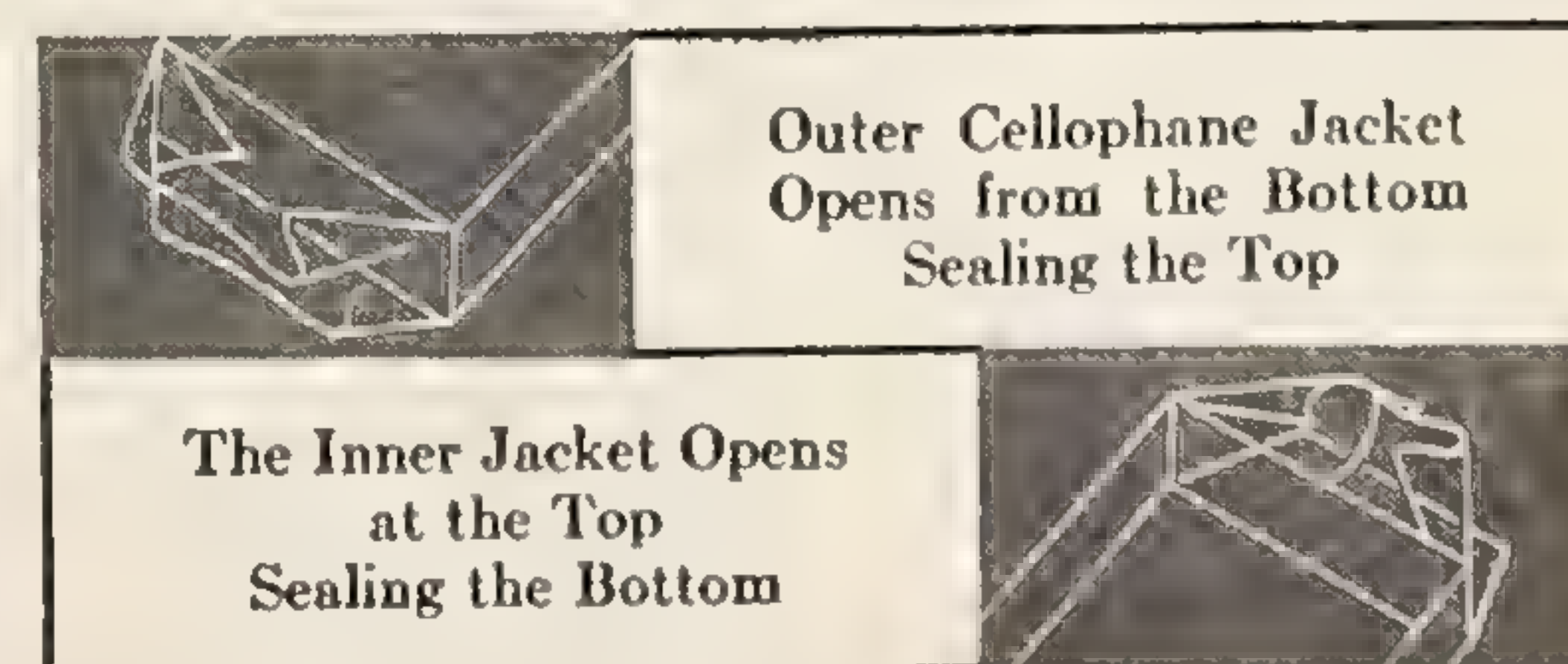
Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



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Po-Go's a remarkable rouge. Costs only 55c, yet it's hand-made in Paris. It's soft, fine, feathery—goes on and blends as easily as powder, then lasts and lasts!

And that Brique shade is unusually flattering! Blonde or brunette, you'll call your cheeks perfect when you use Po-Go, Brique. Try it! If your store can't serve you, send 55c (stamps will do) direct to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

The perfect shade, BRIQUE—only in

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GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. C-366, Newton, Mass.

Rush offer by RETURN MAIL—
all postage paid to my door.
3 cents enclosed.

☐ Ladies' Model
☐ Men's Model

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

was just about to start the car when the girls came up panting and asked for autographs. "All right," said Joan, "get in the car and we'll sign." And the girls not only got the autographs, but Dick gallantly drove them home. You can just bet that two more loyal Powell-Blondell fans would be hard to find.

Edgar Bergen can stroll about the parking lot before he broadcasts and be absolutely unnoticed and unmolested. But the minute Charlie McCarthy is spotted with him, there's a riot. Inadvertently, everyone shoves the autograph book at the helpless Charlie who retorts, "See the boss." Bergen then obligingly marks an "X" for his pert partner.

One night Dorothy Lamour really thought she had somethin'—until she got a rude awakening. A courtly gent walked up to her as she was surrounded by after-the-broadcast admirers and with a deep bow presented her with a large white package, beautifully tied with satin ribbons on which was a card which read, "For Dorothy Lamour—L'amour, toujours l'amour." With his bow he gently reached for her hand and kissed it. He told her how much pleasure her singing gave him and that he hoped he could some day be of service to her. Then he clicked his heels smartly, turned and left. Everybody was impressed. So would you be.

When Dotty finally opened the box she found it was filled with samples of upholstery fabric and there was also a business card on which the gallant donor had written that he hoped to have the opportunity of soon being of service to her—"at reasonable prices."

There is, however, an occasional radio Stage Door Johnny who knows and practices the gentle ways of showing his appreciation. Such a one is attached to Frances Langford. He hasn't missed one of her broadcasts since she has been on the air from Hollywood. The ushers have all gotten to know him and lately have come to reserve the same seat for him. Where he gets his ticket no one knows, but every week he turns up with the necessary ducat of admission, precious even though it is free.

He seems just politely interested in the proceedings until Frances takes over the mike. As you know, Frances can sound very convincing when she sings in that voice of hers that is a cross between a mean swing band and the bells of St. Mary's. Then he has eyes and ears for no one else and leads the applause after her songs. Every week he sends her flowers, candy, or some little knick-knack in good taste. But although he signs his name to his gifts, he has never done more than nod hello to Frances. After the broadcast he hurries out the stage door to watch her come out. Once or twice he has run interference for her, clearing a path through milling admirers.

So far, no romances have blossomed from the bud of a Stage Door Johnny's admiration. The reason for this is that values have changed tremendously since the Diamond Jim Brady era. In those days the theatre was looked upon as a questionable career for girls who at best were not too well paid. Thus they cultivated the rich Stage Door Johnnies in the hope of reaping a matrimonial harvest. Today the stage is a respected and well-paying profession. Performers are accepted in, and eagerly sought by, Society with a capital S. Thus actors and actresses can meet the cream of the social crop in drawing rooms instead of at the stage door. However, the good old Law of Averages will come to the rescue of an ambitious member of the alley audience. Not only stars come out through the stage door. Extras exit that way too. And with them, the praise and posies of the Stage Door Johnnies and Jills may bring about happy returns of the day.

No Retakes in Love

[Continued from page 53]

smears but content, he left her with a stocky, sleepy-eyed boy known simply as The Mex, and went on to help his other ranch hand, old Shorty Brackett, repair a broken-down pump.

He expected Dina to arrive in almost any way except the way she came—in a battered roadster, with Gracie and Gracie's bag of knitting. She was wearing those same nondescript garments she had worn yesterday, and her hair was tied under a piratical-looking bandana.

"So this is home on the range," she said, while she and Pete walked out to the corals.

He nodded. "But the deer and the antelope won't play in front of picture actresses. In a dry year, though, we raise quite a crop of discouraging words."

He was astonished and a little confused to find how effortlessly she fitted here. She tried out the sturdy work ponies that the Mex saddled for her; and Pete saw that she rode beautifully, with an easy confidence, as if she and the ponies were going together to places they both loved. She watched quietly while he put Quien Sabe through her paces, easing the skittish mare around the corral.

"I like this," she told Pete afterward. "I want Russ to see it."

He felt his features settling to the stillness behind which he always guarded things lying unspoken in his mind. "I haven't had my place long enough to breed the class of saddle stock he'd be interested in."

She grinned at him. "And what class is that?"

"Well—hunters and jumpers. Show horses."

"Did I say anything about hunters? Or jumpers either?"

"No, but—"

Her voice carried a teasing echo of his own slow gravity. "Pardner, it's thisaway. Back in Pennsylvania, there's a big place—anyhow, I hear tell it's big for Pennsylvania. It's got stables where they'd ought to board a western pony or two. That Quien Sabe mare, now for instance—"

He shook his head. "Not that one."

"She's not for sale?"

"She's not ready. Maybe she'll never be ready."

"I want Russ to see her, anyhow," said Dina. She put up one foot on a fence-rail. In the shadow from the paint-faded barn, her eyes held a sudden gentleness. "I want him to see this place, Pete. He's in San Francisco today, on business. But tomorrow—"

He held his face and voice to the blankness that the moment demanded. "Always glad to see a friend of yours, Dina."

"I suppose Gracie told you about him?"

"She told me seven million dollars."

For the first time now he saw the face of Dina Gage exactly as it had been ten years ago, before she was Sandra Joslyn. Noon heat was mixed up with the memory, smoking upward in thick waves out of the rocks and river sand that always backgrounded the most active scenes in a Mannie Stein thriller. Mannie had bawled her out about something; and she had looked at Pete as she was looking now, with the corners of her mouth held level, and this hurt in her eyes.

"Didn't she tell you anything else, Pete?" Dina was asking him now, in the muted, dark voice that Resolute Pictures had given her.

"She said he wants everything to be perfect for you. When I heard that, it made him all right with me—even before I saw what he looked like."

Her next words were unexpected. "I suppose you think Mother's got a lot to do with this."

"No."

He spoke the truth. It was astonishing how little he had connected Russ Hendrickson's plans with the plans of a movie mother resting in Palm Springs.

"She's entirely against this," Dina told him. "She says that I'm sacrificing a career."

"Well," Pete tried to be reasonable, "maybe you are. She helped build it, and maybe she hates to see it go—even for as good a man as Hendrickson."

She seemed to hold his answer suspended for a moment in her mind, as if to compare it with the look of Pete Thatcher himself. Then a small, sighing breath came from between her lips. She said, "This isn't the way it would be for other girls—for the ones who are just breaking into pictures at my age. I'm tired, Pete—honestly. I've known what it is to buy fencing lessons and French lessons and flat-saddle riding lessons, when what Mother and I really needed was something to eat. I've made screen tests when I was half dead—because I'd been doing dance routines with a ballet master who happened to have the time free, and gave it to me. I've said other people's words over and over, until I put the meaning into them that somebody else wanted. I know all the hokey in a publicity build-up. This whole business isn't any novelty to me. I'm a veteran. I've smiled and cried and memorized lines for a camera since I was five years old. And now I want my own face and hands again, to do with as I please. Don't you understand that?"

He had to take again this sudden acceptance of him, this brushing aside of the years that had turned her into Sandra Joslyn. She was looking at him now as she had looked last night—reclaiming him for the peace she found in his quietness and in the loose-coupled lounging economy of his speech and gestures. He put a hand over the taut fingers she had clamped on the fence rail. "Sure I understand," he said. "A long time ago, I made up my mind that you belonged in sort of a hacienda set-up. And now you've found it."

Something about those words brought her head around, so that her gray eyes met his in a moment's wonder. She said, almost inaudibly, "Thanks, Pete."

Hours later, long after his morose and solitary supper, he stood leaning against a post of the veranda, staring out at the moon-cut zigzag of the Sandovals. The coyotes yapped and snickered as if they knew all about those meagre, pencilled calculations under the lid of his desk.

Out of such figures recording a stubborn fight to hold these acres, the silent house behind him had been built. Its rooms were scarred by just such living as his own. People had worked here, and had died with their roots in this earth. But nothing was here to touch the future of a girl with her name in lights, and her gray eyes quieting as she spoke of Russ Hendrickson's place in the Pennsylvania deep country.

Pete Thatcher went about ranch matters the next morning in a mood steeled against resentments and surprises. Going back to the house in the early afternoon, he saw that visitors had arrived. A long, black-and-chromium roadster was standing superbly under the live-oaks shadowing the driveway.

Inside, on the living room table, rolls of architectural plans were spread. Russ Hendrickson's sunburnt grin hailed Pete from over Dina's shoulder.

"I've been hearing about you, Thatcher," he said, reaching across the table to shake hands. "If your stock is as good as Sandra says it is, we'll do business. Though as a rule I don't buy western ponies."

Pete went into the dining room to bring



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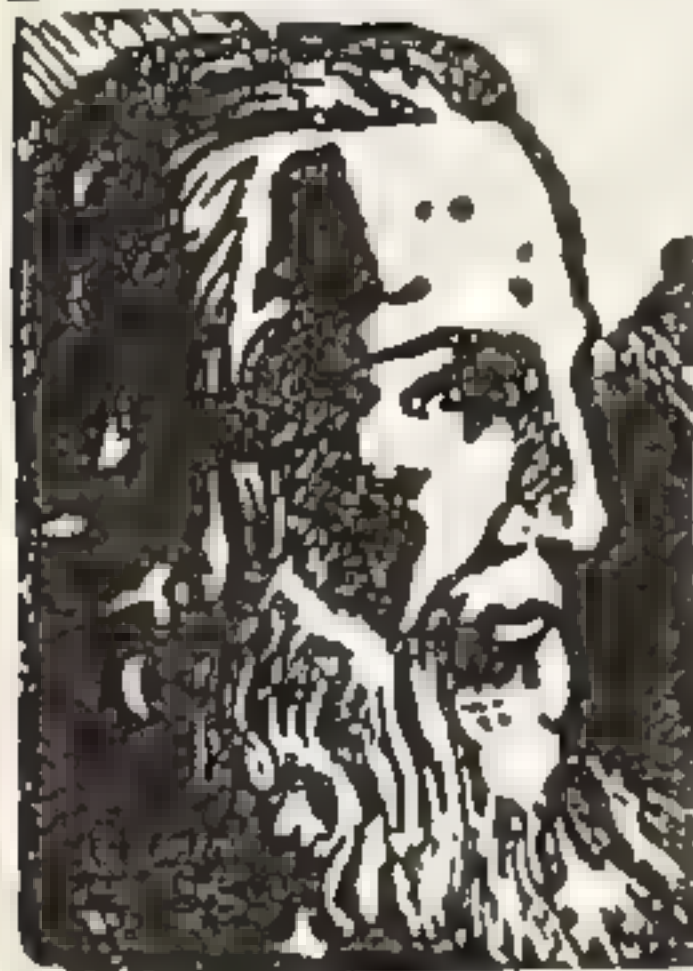
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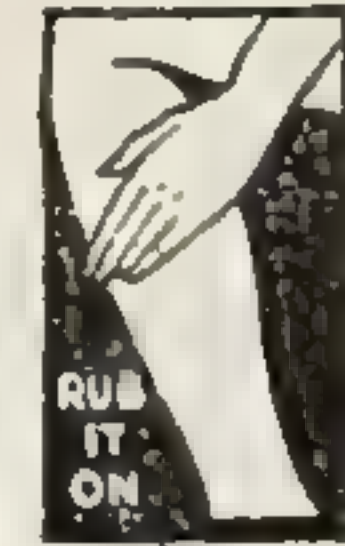
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out cigarettes and drinks for his guests, and to yell at old Charley Yee for the best blue Mexican glasses. From there he could see Gracie Esmond, already rocking and knitting beside the front window. He could see Hendrickson's broad-shouldered length stooping forward a little, listening to Dina.

Today she was wearing a tweed riding coat and jodhpurs and slim, brown boots. "He taught me to ride," she was saying to Hendrickson. "In the Los Angeles River."

"It's not really a river," Pete explained, "except sometimes."

"Mostly," said Dina, "it's just a sand pile and rock pile combined. Once when we were making a picture there, and the horse stumbled and threw me, Pete picked me up. He said you couldn't begin to be a rider until you'd fallen off seven times."

Russ Hendrickson's face expressed a genuine concern. He said, "Thanks, old man. She's had some bad days, hasn't she?"

Pete nodded. He was pouring a drink for Gracie Esmond, and the stuff slopped against his knuckles because he was remembering the thing that hadn't come clear yesterday. Dust and heat, and no time out for lunch, because they had to grab the light while it was good. His own horse jarring a riderless pony almost off its feet, to keep the pony from stumbling again over the kid it had just thrown. And Mannie Stein yelling blue murder because there would have to be a retake.

"Yes," said Pete. "She's had some bad days, and now they're over."

He took out his visitors presently, and showed them whatever they wanted to see around the place. Old Shorty Brackett and The Mex, ploughing up pasture for a bean crop, were mute with amazement. Automatically, Pete considered the questions put to him by Hendrickson. And while he made his answers, he guessed what picture of him was forming in Hendrickson's mind.

An up-country rancher, trying to make out on a quarter section below the brushy foothills guarding the Sandovals. A man who raised a little truck and a little livestock. A horse trader who sold an occasional grade bred pony to low-goal polo players farther down toward the coast. . . . He didn't make a business of show horses, or own any stock like those sleek, schooled hunters and jumpers of Hendrickson's. He didn't own a thing of interest to Hendrickson, who wanted perfection and could pay for it.

For Sandra Joslyn, who had been Dina Gage, Hendrickson intended that everything should be perfect. Pete Thatcher remembered that. He would have remembered even if Gracie Esmond hadn't winked at him, raising her hand in a silent and ironic salute.

He didn't know what brought him back to the living room with Dina. Something about a look at those architectural drawings, while Hendrickson explained modern methods of stabling thoroughbreds to Gracie.

"Pete," said Dina, "you've got to make him see that it's a place like this I want. Not big stables and an enormous house. With those things, I'd be just what I am now—just Sandra Joslyn in another picture, with new dialogue to learn, and no chance of retakes if I blow up on my lines. You've got to help me make Russ see—"

He said, "Hold everything, Dina."

He went over to the desk, and raked back its lid. He found what he was looking for, and brought it over to the window because the afternoon light was beginning to slant and thicken among the live-oaks outside.

"Read that," he said. "Those last figures are what a place like this makes in a good year. You know what your contract calls for, and you know what this Hendrickson is going to inherit. Quit talking like an

actress, Dina. You'll step into this—this hacienda thing that Hendrickson's fixing over for you. You'll take it and like it!"

She held the sheet of paper, but she didn't look at its figured columns.

"I'm glad you told me, Pete."

He wondered at the raw state of his nerves, that they could be so jangled by the sound of a girl's quiet voice. He took the paper out of her unresisting hand, and put it back on the desk.

"If you hadn't told me this," she was saying, "I think that all my life something would have worried me just a little."

"Why?"

He regretted the question instantly. But since it was spoken he had to wait for the answer.

"I'd never have found out just what this land means to you. If you hadn't told me the way you did now, I'd have imagined things. I'd have imagined that it could add up to so much more. You know, I don't think you've ever really learned how to count, Pete Thatcher."

He knew that no moment of his life would ever top the finality of this one, when he stood in an emptied room, watching her cross the veranda into the thickening flood of this day's sundown. He pulled the desk lid over the account books and the balance sheet that she had brushed back without noticing. His mouth set in a wry grin, when he remembered the absorption with which she had listened to Russ Hendrickson explain his architect's drawings.

Hendrickson came in with Gracie, and Pete went through the dining room to tell Charley Yee about coffee. When he came back, Gracie was in the rocker again; and Hendrickson, a glint of amusement in his eyes, was watching old Shorty Brackett herd cows up the drive for the evening's milking. Pete Thatcher brought out fresh glasses, and handed Hendrickson a drink.

"You understand, I'm sure," Hendrickson was saying. "This just happens to be a case where ordinary saddle stock won't do. It has to be something rather special. It's for Sandra."

"Sure," Pete said heavily, "I understand everything."

They were not listening to him. They weren't even looking at him. They stared at something that must have materialized suddenly behind him, in the doorway of the dining room.

The jabbering, sulphur-colored face of Charley Yee was as distorted as the words he was trying to say. Pete Thatcher caught only single syllables. Horse . . . girl . . . ride—this repetition bobbed up twice in the confusion of Charley's shrill outcry. Then Pete heard something that jerked the breath out of his throat.

Quien Sabe!

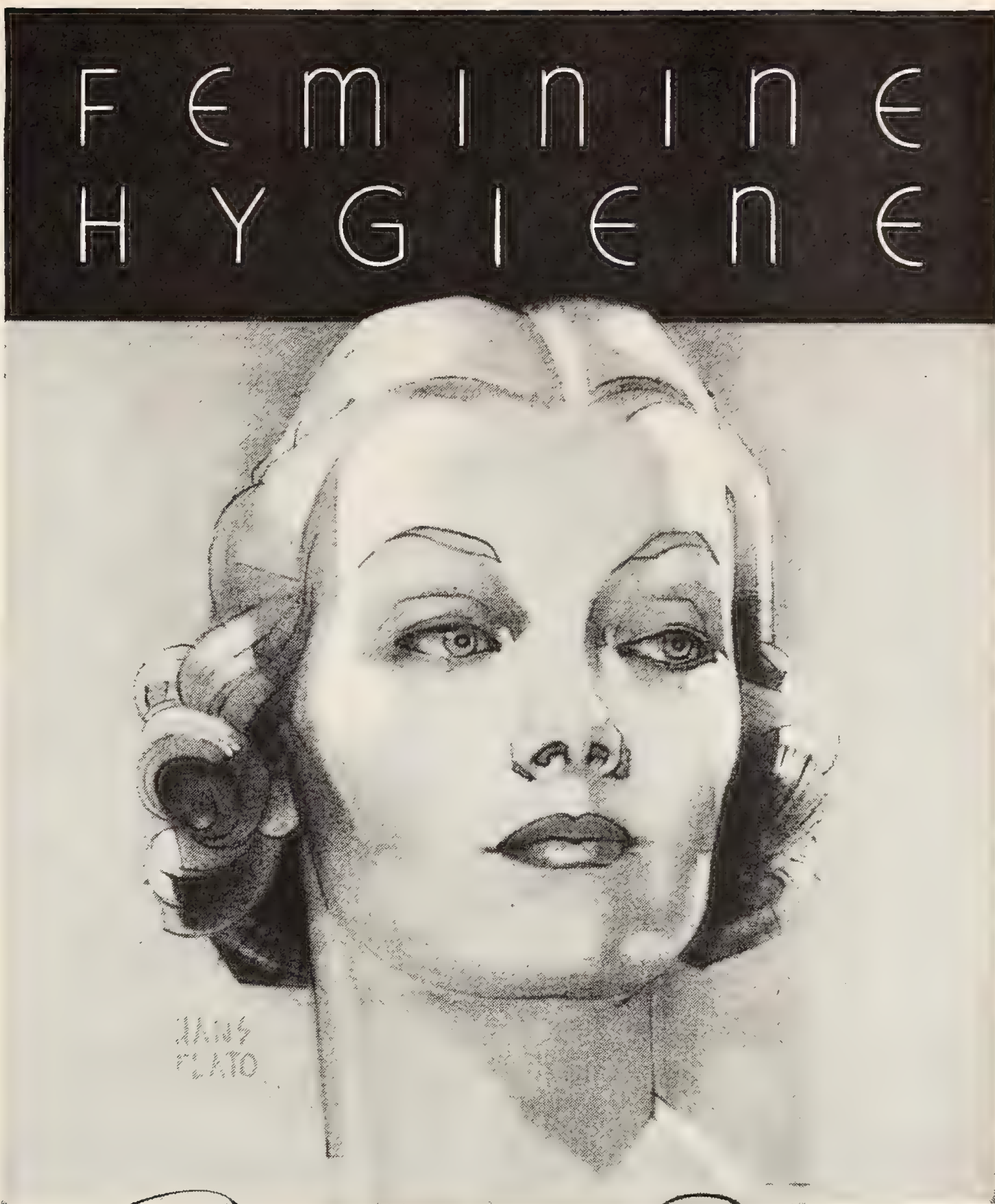
It seemed to him that all his movements were geared down to the languid, slow-motion clumsiness of nightmares. He bolted through the kitchen, Russ Hendrickson behind him. Old Shorty was stumbling out across the stable yard with a half haltered pinto pony. He swung round as if he had been hit, seeing Pete run toward him.

"She told The Mex it was your orders," he was yelling. "I'd ought to have known—"

Pete Thatcher grabbed a handful of the pinto's mane, and vaulted to her bare back. "Kick the gate open. And if that girl gets hurt, tell The Mex to watch out for himself."

But Shorty had already run ahead, and was clawing at the gate bars.

Beyond, the corral was pooled in long, flat shadows. But above its encircling barricade a dust cloud plumed. As Pete galloped toward it, he had an instant's glimpse of a swaying figure carried down the field as if by the roll of an unseen breaker. Above the line made by the top rails of the



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corral; the body of Dina Gage was lifted waist-high against the brassy sunset, against the jagged crimson of the Sandovals.

He could hear Shorty Brackett bawling like a fool, shouting to the girl, "Keep a-rolling if you get throwed! Try to keep a-rolling—"

Pete booted his mare in the ribs, leaning far forward, trying to push her in one shattered second across the corral, right into the pounding dust storm where a half-broke pony had gone wild enough to hammer its rider to pieces, if it had the chance.

He was closer now, so close that he was tilting sidewise toward her. But before he could get within arm's reach, something else happened. Quien Sabe lunged forward with a sudden crazy twist, pulling together in an arch, throat against her breast. And when she galloped out of the dust, she was riderless—a threshing, leather-flinging pony with hoofs drumming across the corral.

By some miracle of horsemanship, Pete managed to swing his pinto away from the girl's spinning, limp body. He swung to the ground in a stumbling rush.

She was trying to crawl to her knees by the time he reached her. One side of her face was smeared with a bright red trickle from her nostrils and the corner of her mouth. She said in a dead voice, "Get Pete. I want—"

Then she lurched across Pete Thatcher's arms. With a movement so swift and direct that something savage was in its gentleness, he gathered her up.

The illusion of interminable distance persisted, as if he walked in a slowly moving treadmill rolling away from the open gate. He came through it at last, hardly noticing Hendrickson's stricken stare or the yammering hysterics of Charley Yee. Pete heard his own voice snapping orders to Shorty Brackett and to Gracie. "Get on the phone and call Doc Fielding at Bolsa Verde. If anybody's on the line, tell them for God's sake to get off till this call's put through." And then he walked miles again, carrying Dina Gage.

Across the stable yard. Through the kitchen. Into his bedroom. It was getting dark in there. He turned on the light, and slanted the shade clumsily.

Gracie Esmond came in and spoke to him with a queer, fierce concentration. "We caught that doctor. He's on his way. Russ is going to meet him, and they'll be back in fifteen minutes—with a speed cop if necessary. You keep out of here, Pete. Tell

that China boy to stand by with fresh towels and hot water. And if I hear a word about your shooting that horse, I'll sue you."

He went out. Shadows moved across his bedroom window, making his heart kick the way it did when he saw Quien Sabe pitch and sunfish, a while ago in the corral. He walked on to the little bunk house, to hear how this thing had come about. Old Shorty knew just how it had happened. This girl had told The Mex that she'd been riding in western pictures, from the time she was a kid. . . .

Pete Thatcher went back after a while, through the darkening stable yard. The last warm light was seeping off the Sandovals, and his boundary fences lay in shadow. Those acres of pasture and ploughed land were nothing now except a black thong, stretched along a hand's breadth of mountain skyline. It didn't look like much. Not enough for a man's years to go into—but enough to cripple a girl.

When he came around in front, Doc Fielding's sedan was parked by the veranda steps. Nobody was in the living room except Gracie Esmond.

"Well," she said, "you've done it, finally. First you rare and buck and won't stand to be tied. And then you practically tear down the stable to get yourself under saddle."

"Never mind me," he said. "What about Dina?"

She took a maddeningly deliberate moment to answer. "Well, what about her? Can't a girl bend a couple of ribs in peace?"

Pete blinked at her, tongue-tied. She was straightening the cover of the living room table, and he saw now that the roll of architect's plans were gone. He said, "Is Hendrickson in there?"

She walked over to the rocker, and picked up her glasses and her knitting. In the lamplight, Pete could see the thin line seaming one side of her face.

"Hendrickson wouldn't like scars," said Gracie.

Pete spoke slowly, testingly. "You mean he's run out—because he thinks she's smashed—"

"You wouldn't run out," said Gracie. "But you've got her so mad that she's in there crying for Russ to take her away. You certainly can scramble an egg, can't you, son?"

He spoke half to himself. "Somebody's got to go in there and tell her—"

Gracie was letting herself down com-



Melvyn Douglas, Luise Rainer and Barbara O'Neil between shots for "The Toy Wife." Script in hand they rehearse the dialogue.

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 15]

think Seton and Laura are dull, wait'll you meet some of the others." He takes a drink. "In fact, the more you find out about our family, the more impressive it becomes. Father (Henry Kolker) wanted a big family, you know—so Mother had Linda straight off, to oblige him. But Linda was a girl—so she promptly had Julia (Doris). But Julia was a girl. It looked hopeless."

"Ned—please," Doris begs him.

But Lew goes on. "The next year Mother had me—and there was much joy in the land. It was a boy and the fair name of Seton would flourish. It must have been a great consolation to Father. He must have been very grateful to Mother. Drink to Mother, Johnny. She tried to be a Seton for awhile, then gave up and died."

You can imagine that all this does nothing to put Cary at his ease. But as soon as Mr. Cukor calls "Cut!" everything is very free and easy. Lew puts down his drink, which tastes like tasteless tea (I know because I wasn't overlooking anything and tried it) and he and Cary give me the glad hand.

Even though it's fun on this set I can't spend the day here and, as there's naught else to view on this lot, I trek on to—

United Artists

MR. WALTER WANGER has a picture shooting on this lot called "The Adventuress," starring Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. The story briefly: Arriving in Spain after a year of travel, Madeleine finds her father (Vladimir Sokoloff) and his associates have been fomenting hatred and civil war as agents for munitions makers. In a scuffle, Henry kills her father, not knowing who he is. When Madeleine finds out she is at once inconsolable and revengeful. She becomes a spy and delivers a message that will sink a ship bringing food and munitions to the rescue of Henry's town. Then she becomes remorseful and seeks Henry.

"I've come to ask you for help," she confesses. "I need it badly."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" he jeers.

"You must believe it," she replies desperately. "This is no game. People are praying for that ship and I'm sending it to the bottom. I'm a spy. I'll be killed for this and I deserve it. Would I tell you that if it wasn't true?"

"Why have you changed?" he demands logically.

"Because I've seen—seen the eyes of the women—I've seen the children dying. It's not the war. I've seen the truth. I can't go on," fighting to control her emotion. "I brought a message to someone."

"Have you delivered it?" he asks sharply.

She nods. "It's being transmitted to the submarine base—to destroy the ship that's coming. I can save it. I know the way to save it if you'll give me a chance. I know I'm being followed—don't let them follow me when I leave here. Give me a chance—I'm only asking for a few hours."

"To let you get away!" he surmises.

"Do you think I'm lying?" she blazes. "Can't you see—?"

"I can't consider your feelings—or my own," he answers.

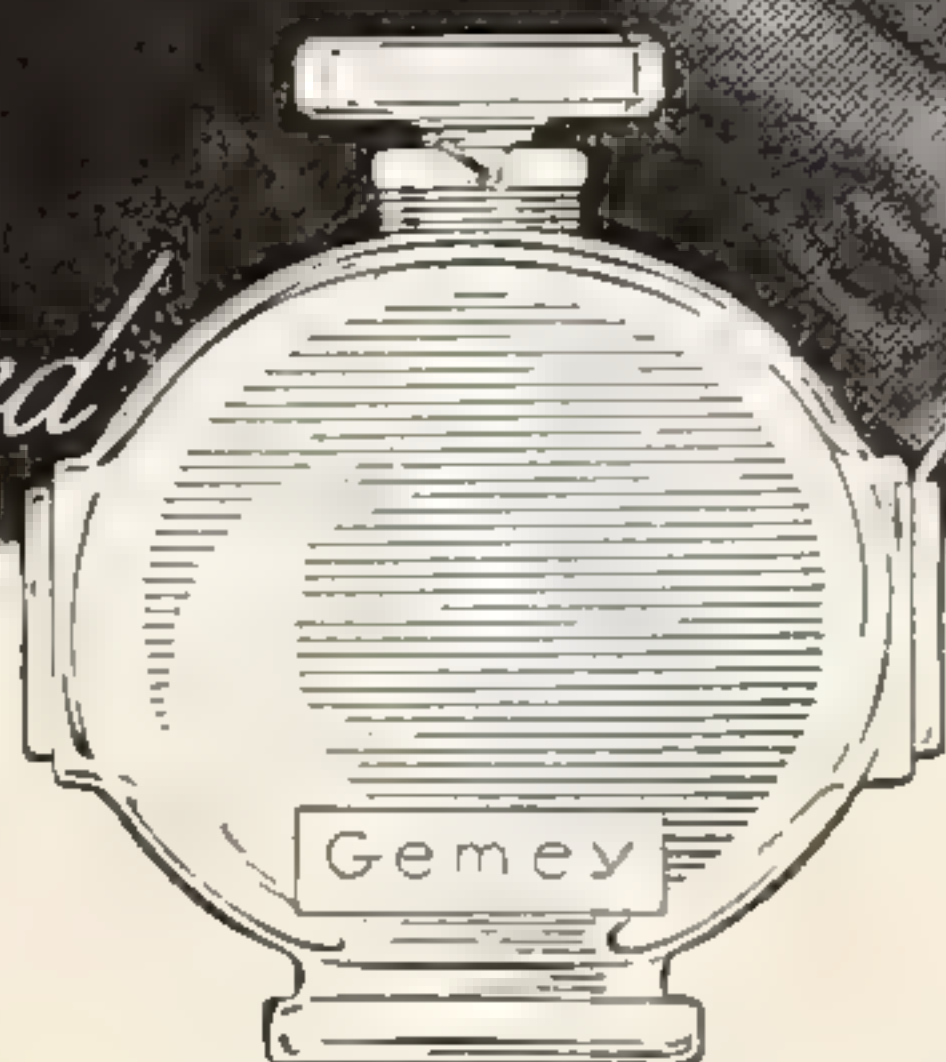
"That ship's out there in the dark," she begins dramatically, "moving closer all the time. And the submarine's waiting. Let me try! I swear to you, I—"

Henry, struggling with himself, uncertain what to do, finally blurts, "You're free to go." Of course, the ship is saved, the town is saved, Madeleine is saved and a grateful commandant offers Henry leave of absence so they can be married but they generously spurn it. Duty first and necking afterwards!

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In "The Mysterious Mr. Moto," Karen Sorrell, Lester Matthews, Mary McGuire, Herbert Wilcox and Peter Lorre gaze upon the wreckage.

Inspired by this noble example, I, too, am imbued with a do-or-die spirit and resolve to finish this day's set-trotting or perish in the attempt. I dash for—

20th Century-Fox

MORE pictures shooting here than you can shake a stick at. I finally catch up with "Kidnapped" and, although Warner Baxter isn't working today, Freddie Bartholomew is. The scene is a schoolroom with Halliwell Hobbes presiding as the schoolmaster. He calls Freddie up to the dais on which his desk stands.

"They're only eggshells, sir," Freddie protests, holding out some bedraggled looking objects in his hands.

"Empty your pockets," Halliwell orders sternly and Freddie reluctantly begins to do so. "Hurry!" Hobbes shouts. While Freddie is complying Hobbes addresses the balance of the class. "Now, before I dismiss you, I want to tell you there is more trouble brewing among us."

I haven't read Robert Louis Stevenson's novel from which this picture is being made so I can't tell how closely the script follows the book. But, would you believe me if I tell you that in the picture precocious Freddie practically stops the war between England and Scotland when the latter was annexed to the British empire?

I also catch up with "Little Miss Broadway" starring Shirley Temple. It is the last day of shooting and Shirley and George Murphy are filming the "Little Miss Broadway" number. It's a catchy song and at the end George does a grand dance—first solo and then with Shirley. It amazes me how that kid keeps step with everyone she dances with and, if you're a Shirley Temple fan, you'll be glad to know that she has never looked prettier than she does in this little spangled dress she wears with a tiara of brilliants in her hair.

Next we come to "Mysterious Mr. Moto" which is also on the last day of shooting. The scene is an art gallery and I'd like to pause long enough to tell you it is the largest art gallery I have ever seen reproduced in pictures. Peter Lorre, than whom there is no more cordial gent in pictures, takes me around the gallery pointing out the reproductions of famous masters. Norman Foster, the director, is high up on the cat walk directing so we don't get a chance to chat.

Of course, a murder has been committed

and practically everyone in the cast has been suspected. In fact, there probably have been several murders. A chandelier has just fallen on someone and killed him. As the principals, including Mary Maguire, Henry Wilcox, Lester Matthews and Karen Kolin are grouped around the body in a state of great agitation, Mr. Moto's voice is heard calling down from above: "Oh, Sir Charles (that's Matthews!)" Everyone looks up and Moto's face appears, looking down at them. He has a bruise on his forehead and a black eye. "Would you please send me three men?" Matthews is in charge of good old Scotland Yard. Moto is holding the murderer in a viselike scissors' hold as he calls down: "They will find a trap door in the ceiling in the Ladies Retiring Room. Yes. Catchee monkey—but not so softly."

There should be some way of gracefully effecting a transition from one studio to another But there isn't. So we'll just move abruptly from here to—

Warner Brothers

ONLY two pictures going here but one of them is the long promised "Boy Meets Girl" starring James Cagney, and it is certainly fine to see Jimmie back under the aegis of a major studio that can present him in the kind of pictures he should be making.

This is a story of the screwy things that go on in this great industry of ours—all the senseless things that are done, the useless expenditures, the freaks that make stars, (Mind you, I didn't say the freaks who become stars) and the accidents that turn flops into successful pictures. At the moment Ralph Bellamy, as the producer, is talking to two song writers—Cagney and Pat O'Brien, while his great star (Dick Foran) listens.

"Of course," says Bellamy, "you boys can always write plays."

"Why not?" Cagney flips laconically, looking into Bellamy's cigar box and finding it empty. "We never have."

"I have an idea for a play I want to discuss with you sometime," Ralph raves on. "You'll be wild about it. Just one set—simple to produce."

"Terrific," Jimmie chants in a bored tone.

"Practically anyone can play it," Bellamy continues. "Bette Davis would be marvelous as the girl." (Take a bow, Bette. Anyone can play it so you'd be marvelous.)

"Tremendous," Pat encourages him in a bored tone.

"She dies in the first act," Bellamy reveals.

"Stupendous!" Pat agrees.



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HOLLYWOOD is no place for neighborliness. Olympe Bradna, who'll make her starring debut in "Stolen Heaven," tells that she knew Simone Simon when they were in pictures in France, yet they've never encountered each other here.

And it was just the other day that Olympe (pronounced O-lamp) ran across Edgar Bergen and his Charlie McCarthy.

"Remember when we played on the same bill in Sweden, seven years ago?" Olympe asked.

"I certainly do," Bergen agreed.

"Well, I don't!" Charlie interrupted. "Never saw the girl before in my life!"

"You certainly did!" Olympe responded somewhat hotly. "Only you spoke Swedish then, and I think your name was Svenson."

"That," replied Charlie, "was my cousin—a distant one."

"Not so distant," Bergen chided. "He's home right now, on a shelf—where you'll be, too, if you aren't more polite."

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"But bad," Jimmie amends.

"Listen here, Mr. Friday," Foran cuts in angrily. "I ain't in the theatre. What about my picture?"

"Boys, we need a big picture," Mr. Friday Bellamy confides to O'Brien and Cagney, sliding gracefully from the theatre to the hum-drum world of the movies. "Not just a good story. I want to do something fine—with sweep, with scope—stark—gripping—but with plenty of comedy—and a little hokum. Something we'll be proud of. Not just another picture but *the* picture of the year. A sort of 'Charge of The Light Brigade'—but as Kipling would have done it." His dictograph buzzes and he answers it.

His secretary's voice comes through: "The masseur and the manicurist are here."

"Send them into the back room," Bellamy orders and rises to end the story conference.

"You don't think we're as good as Kipling!" Pat mocks but the sarcasm is lost on Ralph.

"Not that I think Kipling is a great writer, mind you," Bellamy informs them as a parting shot so they won't get swell-headed. "A story teller—yes. But for greatness, give me Proust every time."

Cagney and O'Brien exchange glances. "Proost!" they jeer at Mr. Friday's departing back.

"The weather'll be warming up pretty soon," Pat encourages me, "and we'll be taking the lid off the barbecue pit. Get your teeth sharpened."

"I'll keep in touch with you," I promise him.

The last picture this month is a re-make of "The Sap from Syracuse" that originally starred Stuart Erwin. This time it is called "The Chump" and stars Johnny "Scat" Davis with Lola Lane and Penny Singleton prominently cast. Johnny hasn't started working yet as this is the very first scene in the picture. But Lola and Penny are going full blast. Penny is looking at a folder announcing "Union Falls offers greater opportunities to do big things in a small way, than any other community of its size in the Middle West!"

"Geel!" she ejaculates, "I never knew we lived in such a swell city. Listen to this: 'The city treasury of Union Falls has never had a deficit since our up-and-coming community was incorporated.'"

Lola grimaces sourly. "A lot of good it does us. We've got a deficit—a big one—with my Ed the only one working around here." She scowls as a particularly shrill blast of a trumpet comes through the window. That would be Johnny practicing in the barn. "And with *that* to contend with," Lola goes on. "He's driving me crazy with that commotion. I thought I got rid of it when I wouldn't let him play it in the house, but no! He moves to the tool shed and the neighbors are complaining about the horrible noise."

"That's not noise," Penny protests. "That's swing—and very hot, too."

"Well, swing or no swing, I want you to go and stop it right now," Lola announces firmly, as she grabs a carpet sweeper and starts to work.

When the scene is finished Lola tells me she has been dwelling on a farm in the San Fernando Valley while she rejuvenated herself and her career. Now that both of them are booming she pines for the fleshpots of the city. I tell her she is exactly right and I'm perfectly willing to be Guest No. 1 at her house-warming when she moves back to town. But it seems that wasn't the idea because instead of confirming the invitation she only gives me an annoyed look as she goes back for another tussle with the carpet sweeper. So I shake my head mournfully and come home for a bout with the typewriter. That's all, folks.



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

Spotlight

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The Final Thing

JOAN CRAWFORD says she hasn't been as excited in years as she was the day she had a date to meet Shirley Temple—who happens to be Joan's favorite movie star. Shirley was working on the set of "Little Miss Broadway," and George Murphy, her leading man and one of Joan's best friends, had arranged the meeting.

Halfway down Bristol Road in Brentwood Joan discovered that in her excitement she had one patent leather slipper on and one fluffy boudoir mule. So back home they had to go. And then when she got out of her car at the studio a lusty spring breeze simply lifted her big picture hat with the flower garden on it right off her head, and she had to go chasing all over the Twentieth lot after her hat.

The Crawford poise and coiffure were both well ruffled before the Introduction. "Hello," said Shirley shyly, and "Hello," said Joan just as shyly. And Star met Star.

After watching Shirley go through her dance routines all afternoon Joan says that Shirley earns her money more than any other star in Hollywood.

SYLVIA SIDNEY tells this on herself: "It was while I was in New York for the play I did recently. I slipped into a movie theatre without noticing what was playing. First thing I saw was a panorama of Manhattan. 'Mm-m swell city!' I said to myself. And then, to my genuine amazement, the screen was filled by a close-up of MY face! It was a trailer for 'Dead End.'"

"There she is—crying again!" the woman next to me said in great disgust.

DOLORES DEL RIO arrived back in Hollywood wearing a charm bracelet illustrative of her recent African jaunt. There was a charm from every spot she visited including a tiny Pyramid from Egypt and an enamel zebra from Africa. In the Garden of Allah at Biskra, her husband, Cedric Gibbons, drew several objects from which charms may be made at home. Nice way to record a vacation.

ANNOUNCEMENT

New! Startling! SILVER SCREEN presents for the first time something different in fan magazine covers.

* * * *

Suppose you go to Hollywood. You can hire a partner to take you to the exciting rendezvous of the stars!

* * * *

Can you tell the right names of the players! They are fascinating to know. Some people believe that changing one's name changes one's luck. Do you?

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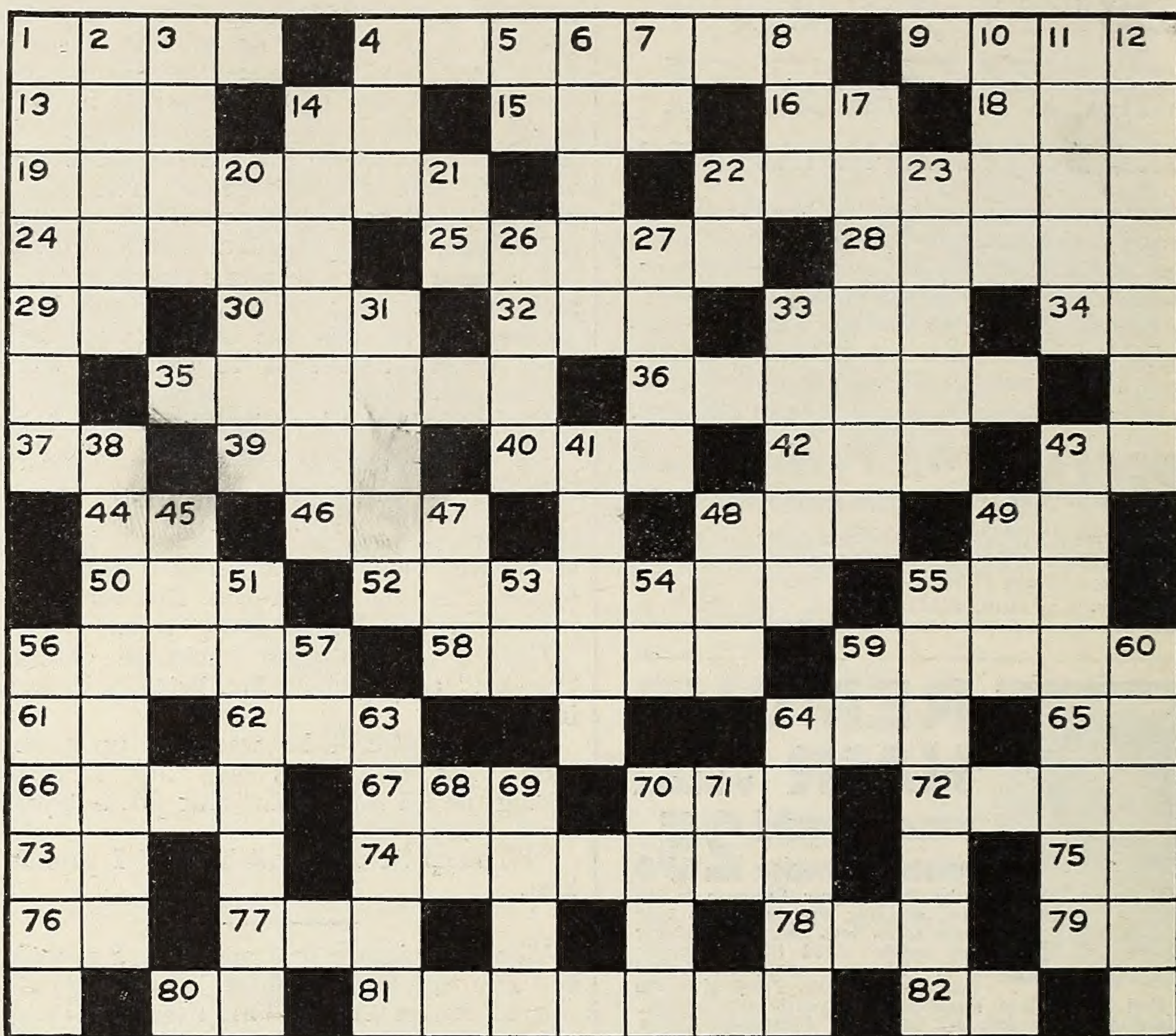
Don't miss the story of the salesgirl who keeps her eyes open and reports what she sees.

* * * *

Be sure to look for all these and other features in the July issue of SILVER SCREEN, on sale June 10th.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

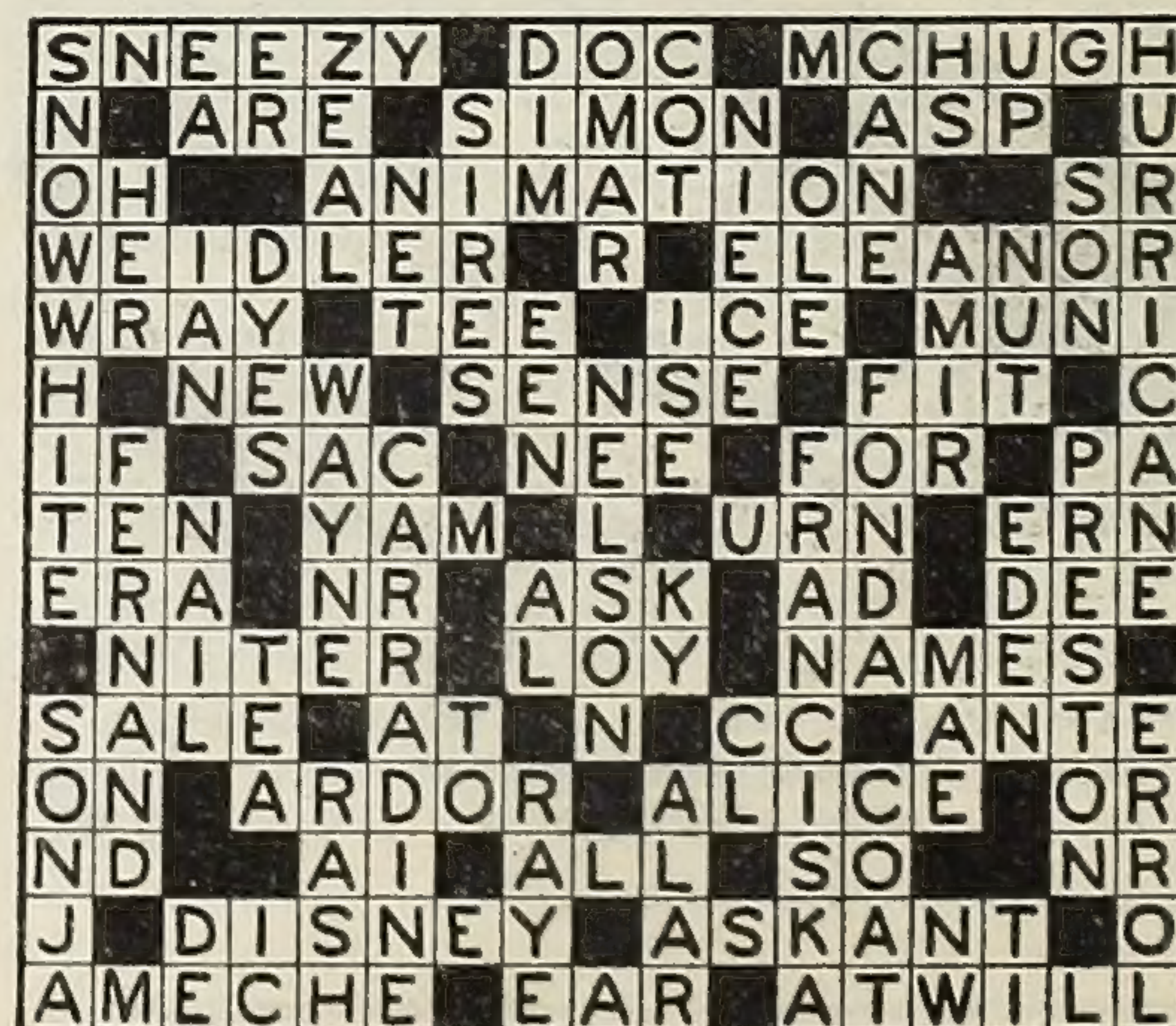
- 1 In "Gold Is Where You Find It"
- 4 Star of "Marie Antoinette"
- 9 Male of the red deer
- 13 A silk worm
- 14 Masculine pronoun
- 15 Mother of "Peer Gynt"
- 16 Biblical pronoun
- 18 Collection of facts
- 19 The constable's daughter in "The Girl Was Young"
- 22 In "The Lone Wolf in Paris"
- 24 Now making "Algiers"
- 25 Eat away
- 28 Standard of perfection
- 29 Prefix
- 30 To flow back
- 32 English money of account
- 33 Partook of food
- 34 Sun god
- 35 Reveries
- 36 Ballerina of "The Goldwyn Follies"
- 37 River flowing into New York Bay (abbr.)
- 39 Periods of time (abbr.)
- 40 Feminine pronoun
- 42 Parts of the year (abbr.)
- 43 Degree
- 44 Mode of transportation
- 46 Well-known Hollywood cowboy
- 48 Even (poet.)
- 49 Perform
- 50 Affirmative
- 52 Her latest picture is "Fools for Scandal"
- 55 In "Hurricane"
- 56 In "Tovarich"
- 58 The maid in "Everybody Sing"
- 59 Radio and screen comedian
- 61 Company (abbr.)
- 62 Addition to one side of a house
- 64 Marsh
- 65 East India (abbr.)
- 66 Leads to the solution of a mystery
- 67 Mistake
- 70 In the past
- 72 Kind of cabbage
- 73 One who edits (abbr.)
- 74 Dancing star of "Rosalie"
- 75 One of the Lane sisters (initials)
- 76 Postscript (abbr.)
- 77 Slender stick
- 78 In "Merrily We Live"
- 79 Measure of length (abbr.)
- 80 Neuter pronoun
- 81 Andrew Jackson in "The Buccaneer"
- 82 Therefore

DOWN

- 1 Daffy heiress in "Bringing Up Baby"
- 2 Constellation
- 3 Cabaret singer in "Hitting a New High"
- 4 Ocean
- 5 Every (abbr.)
- 6 Adventuress in "Paradise for Three"

- 7 Regarding
- 8 Wheat-like grain
- 10 Weed
- 11 Near (poet.)
- 12 The daughter in "Everybody Sing"
- 14 Bachelor father in "Mad About Music"
- 17 A published form of a literary work
- 20 The "Bad Man of Brimstone"
- 21 Pronoun
- 22 The (Fr.)
- 23 Delightful regions
- 26 She sings in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
- 27 To bewilder
- 31 Villain in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
- 33 Provided with arms
- 38 Boy rebel in "Of Human Hearts"
- 41 Custom
- 43 Wife in "A Slight Case of Murder"
- 45 Hawaiian garland
- 47 Crowd
- 48 Before
- 49 One of the sons in "In Old Chicago"
- 51 With Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady"
- 53 Title of respect (abbr.)
- 54 Suffix
- 55 The "butler" in "A Slight Case of Murder"
- 56 Take when offered
- 57 Masculine first name (abbr.)
- 59 Exist
- 60 Submits
- 63 Unspoiled country girl in "Goldwyn Follies"
- 64 Hero in "Over the Wall"
- 68 In "Hollywood Hotel" (initials)
- 69 Tear
- 70 In "Law of the Underworld"
- 71 Proceed

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle





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Miss Rhett is shown in costume (above), smoking a Camel backstage at the historic Dock Street Theatre where she has played leading roles. She may soon lend her talent to the long-awaited filming of a Civil War romance! "My dramatic work involves a real test of the voice," says Miss Rhett. "So I smoke nothing but Camels. Camels are mild. And so gentle to my throat!"



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